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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Annual Examination for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on MONDAY, the 3rd of JULY. Candidates will be approved by the Examiners if they show a competent knowledge in Classics, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and one of the three remaining subjects of Examination, viz. 1. Chemistry; 2. Botany; 3. Zoology. The only Certificate required from Candidates is that of having attained sixteen years of age. This Certificate must be submitted to the Registrar fourteen days before the Examination begins.

By order of the Senate,
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

ACADEMIC DEGREES.—Gentlemen of A LITERARY or SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS, MINISTERS, or Others properly qualified, desirous of GRADUATING, may RECEIVE EFFICIENT ASSISTANCE from the Advertiser.—Address (pre-paid), stating qualifications, to M. D., 15, Tottenham-court New-road.

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THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT of the AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY ASSOCIATION of SOUTH-AMPTON hereby request such persons as are desirous of their intention to be Candidates for the Office of CHEMIST, and such as intend being so, to transmit their proposals to Mr. Gentry, 28, Moyle-place, on or before the 18th instant, as the Election is to take place on Wednesday the 21st.

MR. CHARLES ROGERS, Dentist, begs to inform his friends, that he has REMOVED to No. 52, SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, RUSSELL-SQUARE, where he may be consulted in the various departments of his Profession, from 11 o'clock daily, and he is prepared to receive several years old patients to Mr. Imrie, Saville-row, and subsequently with Messrs. Clark & Rogers, of Saville-street.

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C. R. MACKENZIE, Secretary.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to ART-UNIONS are respectfully reminded that the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION of LONDON cannot receive SUBSCRIPTIONS after the 1st of JULY next, to which period the SEVENTEEN FINE ETCHINGS, illustrating the SONGS of SHAKESPEARE, on India paper in an elegant wrapper, may be obtained. The Prizes will be allotted on the 8th of July, at Eight o'clock in the Evening, at No. 3, Cavendish-square, in the presence of the Subscribers.

In consequence of the Legality of this Union being questioned, a Consultation has been held by eminent Counsel, who affirmed the Legality, and the Union has been continued. The President and other Members of the Royal Academy are also on the Subscription List.

R. L. LONGBOTTOM, Hon. Sec.

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The Chorus will consist of 1,500 Members of Upper Schools. Tickets for the Platform, price 10s. 6d. 1s. for the Upper Platform, price 7s.; for the Western Gallery, price 5s.; and under the Western Gallery, price 2s. 6d. May be obtained from Mr. Parker, Publisher, 415, West Strand, between the hours of 12 and 5 daily.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—EXHIBITIONS at the GARDEN.—The next Exhibition will take place on SATURDAY, the 17th of June; subjects for Exhibition must be at this Office, on Friday, the 16th of June, or at the Garden before half-past Eight o'clock, A.M., on the day of Exhibition.

The gates will be opened at One, P.M. Tickets are issued to Fellows at this Office, price 5s. each; or at the Garden in the afternoon of the days of Exhibition, at 7s. 6d. each; but only to Orders from Fellows of the Society.—N.B. No TICKETS will be issued in REGENT-STREET on the DAY of EXHIBITION. 21, Regent-street.

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CHISWICK MEETING.—The GARDENERS' CHRONICLE of SATURDAY, JUNE 21, will contain a FULL REPORT of the MEETING of the 17th of the HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, with the award of the Prizes. The Gardeners' Chronicle, edited by Professor Lindley, is published every Saturday, price 6d. stamped, to go free by post, and may be ordered of all Newsmen.

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Testimonial from the NEW CHURCH COMMITTEE, Newington, and Mr. PURKIS, Organist.

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(Signed)

A. CYRIL OSLOW, Rector.
GILBERT ELLIOTT, Minister.
JOHN PURKIS, Organist.
(And all the Committee.)

Testimonial from the NEW CHURCH COMMITTEE, Camberwell, and Mr. THOMAS ADAMS, Organist.

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(Signed) JOHN GEORGE STORIE, Vicar.
JOHN VASE, Minister.
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Testimonial from Dr. GAUNTLETT, Organist of Christ Church, Newgate Street, London, and of St. Olave's, Southwark.

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Part XII. was published on the 1st Instant.

In completing the First Two Volumes of this Work, the Committee think it only just to those engaged in it to express their satisfaction that a task so extensive and difficult as that which the Society has undertaken, has hitherto been accomplished with a far greater share of success than they had reason to hope for.

The labour of preparing a Biographical Dictionary, according to the plan laid down in the Editor's Preface, may be estimated by the fact that in the Two Volumes just completed are contained more than 3,000 Memoirs. To each, with scarcely an exception, are added, the authorities on which it is founded. And when it is observed that many of these Memoirs, whether from the inadequacy of materials, or from the want of interest in the personal incidents of the life, occupy only a few lines, the preparation of which must have cost, in almost all cases, much research, and required the exercise of discretion, the Committee think it not unfitting that they should express how deeply they feel indebted to those gentlemen who have assisted them in this undertaking, and of whose names they now give a list.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1843.

REVIEWS

The Harmony of Form. By D. R. Hay. London, Blackwood.

Is it true then that "we need little knowledge but that which clothes and feeds us," that which works our steam engines, spins our cotton, grows our corn, sails our ships, rules our colonies, makes our laws and executes them? Is the useful and the sensible the only real in nature?—Is gold the great good, and wealth the chief happiness?—or is it, on the other hand, true that the human mind is to itself the most real of existences—that moral right and moral wrong are powers more mighty than wealth or want—that the acquisition of truth, the attainment of worth, and the appreciation of the beautiful, are purposes of life and of death, incontrovertible and momentous?

The study of the true, the good, and the beautiful, has formed an important occupation of life in all highly civilized nations, and has been inculcated by the truest patriots and the highest philanthropists.—Science, virtue and beauty form the noblest elements of creation and of the human soul—they form the first objects of our national institutions, the highest elements of a national character and the best themes of a national literature. To quote a distinguished modern moralist, "a people should honour and cultivate that literature which expresses and communicates energy of thought, fruitfulness of invention, force of moral purpose, a thirst for the true, and a delight in the beautiful."

It would be a great step in the advancement of our national civilization, were the love of the beautiful and the power of appreciating the value of its manifestations more intimately mixed up with the associations and habits of our countrymen. That we have artists of high powers—architects of consummate skill—that we have, or have had, Barrys and Cockerells, Wilkies and Etty, Landseers and Mulready, Flaxmans and Chantreys, and Westmacotts, is matter of national congratulation; but does little to prove the existence of a high standard of national taste. The habit of enjoying the beautiful, and the power of appreciating it, should pervade the national character, should determine its national institutions, and be diffused among the peasantry of our streets and hamlets. "The farmer and the mechanic (we quote Channing once more) should cultivate the perception of beauty."—"Every man should aim to impart this perfection to his labours." Were every man a judge and appreciator of beauty, then indeed might we expect forms of loveliness and grace to pervade the regions of domestic and every-day life, to replace, in our streets, the expensive ugliness of our street decoration—in our homes the vulgarities of ornamental deformity—and in our churches the distortions and anomalies of meretricious decoration. It is in the cottage and the church that national taste must receive its best lessons, and until the love of beauty and the intelligence of its principles pervade the national character, it can never sustain a high standard of national art. To educate the community in the beautiful, is the first condition of a high state of art. High art, to be encouraged, must be widely appreciated and highly enjoyed, and it is most true of works of taste and genius, as of profound investigations of philosophy, that they "can only be estimated and enjoyed through a culture and power corresponding to that from which themselves have sprung."

We hail, therefore, with delight the appearance among us of any evidence of progress towards the diffusion of correct principles in taste, of accurate knowledge in art. The critical handbooks of our national galleries and our national

edifices—the critical tours of our cognoscenti—the better specimens of our illustrated literature, such as we have lately noticed, evince the progress of our national mind in æsthetical knowledge, its increasing appreciation of æsthetical enjoyments—and we receive the work before us a harbinger of better times—as an index of the wider diffusion of knowledge in art.

Not that we pledge ourselves to the soundness of all Mr. Hay's peculiar views. There is much matter in his work for friendly argument, and some for severer discussion; but "a grain of truth is above a bushel of chaff," and we welcome with pleasure contributions to a theory of beauty. Even a wrong theory is much better than none, and leads sooner to truth than the absence of all system. It is often easier to correct the errors of others, than to create their inventions. In æsthetics, as in physics, we may adopt the aphorism of Bacon—"Citius enim emergit veritas e falsitate, quam e confusione, et facilius ratio corriget partitionem quam penetrabit massam."

'Hay on Harmonious Colouring' formed the precursor to 'Hay on Harmony of Form.' The former work was chiefly designed to correct and direct the public taste in the decorations of domestic life; the present has a higher aim—the determination of the forms and proportions which give to objects and structures a maximum of beauty.

The very words themselves—'Harmony of Form,' imply a theory. The association of a word which expresses a physical phenomenon cognizable to only one of the senses, and the transference of this word into the domain of another sense, which recognises none of even the most striking objects of the former, is a stretch of language which, if it imply the reliance of the theory on no firmer basis than an analogy drawn from sound, and transferred, without further reason, as a sufficient cause into the domain of visible beauty, would hardly be recognised as having a strong claim on general and immediate acceptance. Analogies between numbers, sounds, colours, and geometrical figures, have often been speculated and theorized on, even from the earliest periods of science and art. The seven sounds, the seven colours, the seven planets, have formed numerical analogies which were fancifully adopted, century after century, as foundations for speculation; and after affording much pretty speculation, have successively been forgotten: the association between harmony of sound and beauty of form, does not, therefore, appear at first sight to promise an important or valuable physical analogy.

It is this analogy, however, which forms the basis of Mr. Hay's 'Theory of Proportion in Architecture.' We proceed to consider the validity of this analogy, and to examine in how far the investigation is attended with useful results. Premising, however, this observation, that whether we agree with Mr. Hay's views, or differ from him, we equally regard the attention he has bestowed on the subject, and the interest his investigation must awaken in the readers of his book to examine for themselves, and search in works of art for its illustrations and tests, as benefits conferred on the public, and as valuable contributions to the progress of æsthetical science.

We have said that the harmony of sounds is made the basis of Mr. Hay's theory of the harmony of forms. In other words, he infers that those figures will please the eye which have the same proportions as the elements of a harmonic chord have to each other: and that the same steps in proportion will please the eye which in a pleasing melody succeed each other in the relations of sounds.

The relations of sound to number appear to

be very remarkable; and it is equally remarkable, that all nations appear to have united in their opinions regarding the beauty of certain great relations of sound. A learned theorist remarks on this subject:—"We have heard the songs of the Iroquois, the Cherokee, and the Esquimaux, of the Carib, and the inhabitant of Paraguay; of the African of Negroland, and of the Cape; and of the Hindoo, the Malay, and the native of Otaheite; and we have found none that made use of a different scale from our own, although several seemed to be very sorry performers by any scale." When to this we add that the musical scales of agreeable sounds in China, Ancient Egypt, and Greece were in the most important points identical with our own, we are forced to recognise a standard of taste in sound, which holds out strong reasons to wish that this scale should contribute to beauty in form—its own definite scale of proportion. It is not, perhaps, unworthy of remark, that in the times of Pericles and Phidias, music, geometry, and number, were sciences of the highest order, and formed the elementary studies of the distinguished men of Greece in that classic period of art.

The numerical relations of harmonious sounds may be understood by our readers without difficulty, if they will follow us through a very simple demonstration. We presume that the string of a bow formed the earliest and simplest instrument of music; indeed, it is frequently represented on ancient monuments in this capacity, and the string formed from an animal substance, and, as we know, of great strength, must have corresponded very closely with a Roman harp-string of the present day. Let our readers then take a bow in a state of tension, or let them try its close representative, one of the long strings of the modern harp or violoncello. We believe that the relations of musical notes may be thoroughly understood in this way better than in any other, and we believe that the true origin of instrumental scales is fully explained by a very simple process. Let our reader, then, whom we suppose to have a delicate ear and a dexterous hand, apply himself to the string which he has selected towards the bottom of the harp, or the bow-string; then let him, by measurement or a good eye, place his finger precisely on the centre of the string, from stop to stop, (it is well that the pedal connected with this string, and, indeed, all the pedals, be pushed down as far as possible,) and let him then strike the string with his right finger, so as to twang it in the usual way; it is well known that the sound he will elicit is the octave above the sound which the string will produce when not touched in the middle by the finger: now this octave is universally known to sound in harmony with the original (or fundamental) note of the string, therefore the relation of a string to its half corresponds to the relation of the natural note of the string to the natural note produced by one half length. Hence the proportion of any note and its octave has been identified from the earliest times with the numbers one and two, that is,—a note is to its octave above as 1 : 2.

This may be said to be only an analogy; it is, but it is a strong one, and we proceed to strengthen it. Galileo was the first to prove that the vibrations of the string when sounding the octave are precisely double in number of those made by it when sounding the original note; thus confirming and deciding, by unquestionable physical proof, the necessary indissoluble connexion between the octave sound and the number two.

There are two views of this relation: first as regards the length of a given string, the sound is to its octave as 1 to $\frac{1}{2}$; but if we take the number of vibrations in the string, (or it may be

flute, or organ-pipe, or voice, indifferently, for all the relations of vibration are identical, whatever the origin of the sound,) the number of vibrations in the octave above is double the number of the vibrations in the octave below, or the former proportion inverted, being two to one—(call the sound of the original note DO, and that of the octave DO).

Next we request our reader to raise the finger of his left hand till it be twice as far from the lower end of the string as from the upper end, thus leaving the upper part one-third part of the length of the whole string, and resting the point of his finger gently on this spot, let him strike or twang the upper part (near the middle of that division), with a finger of his right hand (immediately after striking, both hands may be removed, with advantage to the sound). The tone thus produced is in perfect harmony with the two former, but it is produced by one-third part of the original string. Let us call this tone SOL, and we have this note designated by the number $\frac{1}{3}$; or, if we consider the number of vibrations, these, when measured, are to the first note in the relation of three to one. The following notes are, therefore, truly represented thus, both physically and geometrically:—

DO	DO	SOL	note.
One	Two	Three	vibrations.
$\frac{1}{1}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	length of string.

We beg our (patient?) reader next to place the finger of his left hand nearer the upper end than formerly, till the part below his hand becomes three times as long as the part remaining above his hand—the upper part is now one-fourth part of the whole length of the string—let him strike this as formerly—the clear tone emitted is another harmonic note, and would, if sounded along with the former, harmonize agreeably with all or any of them. Its vibrations have been measured and ascertained to be quadruple in number of the first note DO, and therefore double of those of the second harmonic note DO—call this note DO, then we have now deduced from this single string the following notes, all in harmony with each other, and represented by the four first ordinal numbers.

DO	DO	SOL	note.
One	Two	Three	Four
$\frac{1}{1}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
			vibrations.
			length of string.

The next steps are similar, but as the results increase rapidly in interest as we go forward, we beg for ourselves the reader's pardon, and for himself no little patience; but will hope that if he be either a lover of music, of beauty, or truth (beautiful for its own sake) he will have his reward.

The reader is now requested to place the tip of the little finger of his left hand on the division four which he last found—let him now allow the tip of the second finger to touch the string naturally, and with ease to himself, and let him take off the little finger, and then strike the string as formerly with the right hand, the tone will be clear and full; if not, a little adjustment of the finger will make it so—where this is done, the upper division of the string is exactly one-fifth part of the whole length—the note is harmonious when sounded with any of the former—let us call it MI. Its vibrations have been found to be five to one of DO, and its length of string is $\frac{1}{5}$. In like manner, the first finger of the left hand, in the position formerly denoted, will fall upon a point $\frac{1}{6}$ of the length of the string from the top—the string will make six vibrations for one of the first, and give the note SOL,—and if the thumb of the left hand be alone allowed to touch the string, it will cut off $\frac{1}{7}$ of its length, and give a harmonious sound to all the rest, vibrating eight times while the whole string would vibrate once.

Thus then we find, under the fingers of the

left hand, the following notes, which are called the common chord, being harmonious when sounded together, and so agreeable to the ear, that in modern instrumental performance they rarely appear without accompanying each other: they are thus related to numbers.

do	mi	sol	do
Four	Five	Six	Eight
$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{5}$	$\frac{1}{6}$	$\frac{1}{8}$

On the whole, then, we find in the series of natural numbers an harmonious system of sounds, to which the name of Natural Harmonics is appropriately applied. These are sounds which in physics are most perfectly adapted to the constitution of matter in vibration, which a string most readily and spontaneously gives out, and which are best adapted to the organization of the human ear, and our perceptions of pleasurable sound, and stand thus:—

DO	DO	SOL	do	mi	sol	do	note.
One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six	Eight	vibrations.
$\frac{1}{1}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{5}$	$\frac{1}{6}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	length.

These are the notes, by producing which in great variety, and with perfect readiness, precision, and ease, Paganini used to delight and thrill his audience. It is strange that this subject has not been followed up and legitimized in Art. To apply these notes with success, the violin should not be tuned, as now, in fifths, but in a fourth and a fifth; then placing the first finger gently one-eighth up, from the nut towards the bridge, all the notes of the diatonic scale will find themselves immediately under the other fingers without any further artifice; if to this we add the further artifice of an artificial nut formed by the fingers, and a harmonic stopped by other fingers, we immediately acquire a wide range of these harmonic notes. Much study of these principles, with a delicate

Table of Numerical Proportions of Sounds and Intervals of the Common Scale of Musical Sounds.

I.	do	(re)	mi	(fa)	sol	(la)	(si)	do	Notes.
II.	$\frac{1}{1}$	($\frac{2}{3}$)	$\frac{1}{2}$	($\frac{3}{4}$)	$\frac{1}{3}$	($\frac{4}{5}$)	($\frac{6}{7}$)	$\frac{1}{4}$	Lengths of string.
III.	4	(4)	5	(5)	6	(6)	(7)	8	Number of vibrations relative to I.
IV.	24	27	30	32	36	40	45	48	Proportions of line above, when reduced to whole numbers.
V.	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{5}$	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{4}{5}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	Ratio of diatonic intervals.
VI.	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{5}$	$\frac{1}{6}$	$\frac{1}{7}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{9}$	$\frac{1}{10}$	$\frac{1}{11}$	
VII.	$\frac{1}{48}$	$\frac{1}{360}$	$\frac{1}{360}$	$\frac{1}{360}$	$\frac{1}{360}$	$\frac{1}{360}$	$\frac{1}{360}$	$\frac{1}{360}$	

I. The first line in this table corresponds with the common progressions of the diatonic scale.

II. The second line shows the length of string producing each tone proportionally to the primary length of string.

III. The third line shows the number of vibrations forming each note, in the same time that the original string makes one vibration. In this it will be observed, that do, mi, sol, do, the members of the common chord, are whole numbers, and the others are fractional; therefore we have multiplied them all by six, to form whole numbers in the same proportion, as a mere matter of convenience, and we have placed these in the next line.

IV. Consists of numbers in the same proportions as those above without fractions: these numbers represent the number of vibrations actually made in a given time in forming each note; thus, while a string sounding do makes 24 vibrations, that sounding re makes 27, mi 30, and so on.

V. From line IV. it is apparent that the note re requires 3 vibrations out of every 27 more than do; mi requires 3, out of every 27, more than re; fa, $\frac{3}{4}$ more than mi; and sol, $\frac{1}{2}$ more than fa; and so on. These measures are the numerical values of the intervals between the notes, and form line V.

VI. In line VI. we have taken fractions equal in value, but simpler in form, to those in line V. We see by inspecting the table, that the intervals between do and re, fa and sol, la and si,

organization, are necessary for success in using the natural harmonics; but the rich mine of beauty, hitherto almost unworked, would amply repay the artist for his toil. None who have not heard the dexterous and quiet use of them made by their great master, when unostentatiously playing the quartett music of our older classic authors, can have an adequate idea of their value, their admirable truth, and wonderful powers of expression.

But we have forgotten our ratios—they extend from one to eight;—but why, our readers may, and must, ask, why not the number seven—why not that magical, most interesting, most perfect of numbers, seven. Alas, why but that the sound it makes is a most unseemly and unmanageable one—like some members of some cabinets, it is very good in itself, but impracticable to work with others. Thus, then, our beautiful theory among the Platonists of the casual virtue of number, slips from under our feet. The best of numbers that should have produced the best of sounds and of harmonies, gives the worst.

Let us not, however, because of one impracticable member, reject a body that are themselves practicable and useful. All the useful numbers we have got, are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8; and of these, 1, 2, 3, 5, are all the simple numbers; four being compounded of 2 by 2, six of 2 by 3, and eight of 2 by 2 by 2; so that the harmonious numbers are in this view, 1, 5, 3, 2, which in their combinations make up complete diatonic HARMONY.

But in melody, the truth stands thus with reference to number. Taking our former range of the common chord, do, mi, sol, do, or $\frac{1}{1}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, the proportions of the diatonic scale of melody, or rather of harmony with melody, is as follows:

are all equal to $\frac{1}{4}$ (called a major tone); that the intervals between re and mi, also between sol and la, are only $\frac{1}{5}$ (called a minor tone); and between mi fa and si do, only $\frac{1}{6}$, being each a semitone.

VII. In line VII. we have reduced these values of notes of the scale to the same denomination, whence we find that the successive values of the notes are as the numbers 45, 40, and 24; that is, that the value of a major interval or tone being 45, that of a minor tone is 40, and that of a semitone 24: (there are distinctions of semitones which we do not require to investigate at present.)

The true intervals of an octave are, therefore, 45, 40, 24, 45, 40, 45, 24: total 263.

Our readers are now in a favourable position to judge of the extent to which Mr. Hay is right or in error, when he rests his rules for proportions of harmony of form on the numerical relations of the intervals in the diatonic scale of music.

Mr. Hay represents (as is frequently done) an octave by the length of the circumference of a circle. He divides this into twelve equal parts, numbered successively 0, 1, 2, 3, . . . 12: he takes the two first, 0 to 2, as a tone; the two second, 2 to 4, as a tone; the next, 4 to 5, as a semitone; 5 to 7 as a tone; 7 to 9 as a tone; 9 to 11 as a tone; and 11 to 12 as a semitone.

Let us see the consequence of this. We have seen that the sum of all the true intervals of an octave makes up 263: dividing this by 12 w

get, on Mr. Hay's principle, 21½ as the value of his semitone, and double this, or 43½, as the value of his tone; his numbers are, therefore, given as below, and the true numbers under them:—

	Do	re	mi	fa	sol	la	si	do	Total.
Hay's numbers	43½	43½	21½	43½	43½	43½	21½	263	
The true numbers	45	40	24	45	40	45	24	263	

Whence we conclude that the scale which Mr. Hay has adopted for his laws of proportion and beauty of form does not coincide with the true physical relations of the scale of music,—that his melody of form would not, if transposed to music, please the rude or the cultivated ear of man.

The popular mode of speech, which represents each tetrachord as made up of two tones and a semitone, with an interval of a whole tone between them, or the octave as composed of five equal intervals and two half intervals, making up six full tones, is merely a convenient form of speech, and is very far from representing the true relations of the actual sounds. It is easy to see that a general notion of this kind is a most insufficient basis even for a plausible theory.

Are we, therefore, to reject the whole of Mr. Hay's theory, because he has rested it upon an unsound foundation? This is a curious instance (not without parallel either in science or art) of most sound conclusions drawn from false premises. Let us then reject its errors and repair its foundations. Shall we demolish the exquisite Tower of Pisa because its foundation has proved false to it? nay, rather let us try to prop it up and repair the foundation, and place a structure of merit on an appropriate foundation.

Mr. Hay is wrong when he asserts that certain proportions are beautiful, because they are those of the notes which in all the combinations of harmony and melody of sounds are most pleasing. His proportions, as assigned to form, are most correct and most beautiful: they are *not*, however, those of the beautiful sounds to which he assigns them, and are *not* therefore beautiful. But it does not follow that because they are *not* therefore beautiful, they are necessarily *therefore* not beautiful;—on the contrary, the beauty, whose proportions he assigns, has been the beautiful of all time—at least, of all civilization.

It is only necessary to glance the eye over Mr. Hay's eighteen beautiful plates, to learn that, however we may differ from him as to *why* beauty is, we cannot dissent from him as to *what* is beautiful. We feast the eye with geometrical symmetry as we turn over the figures on his plates.

We shall next week proceed to discuss with him what the proportions of beauty are, and why they are so.

Diary of the Times of Charles the Second. By the Hon. H. Sidney, afterwards Earl of Romney, including his Correspondence, &c. Edited by R. W. Blencowe, Esq. A.M. 2 vols. Colburn.

We are at times so weary of the artifice and pretension of modern literature, that a downright dull book, like this, comes as a welcome relief. To be sure, it is more than reasonably dull, but that is seen in a moment; and the reader may therefore dip here and there, according to his leisure or humour, or fairly go to sleep over it, satisfied that he has not lost much by his idleness or indifference. The Diary is a very meagre affair,—a mere outline of personal proceedings for some eighteen months, during the greater part of which time the writer was resident abroad, as Envoy to the States of Holland; and the Letters have little historical value: the best are from his sister (Waller's) Saccharissa,—the

Lady Dorothy, afterwards Countess of Sunderland,) and relate to family matters and arrangements, from which we occasionally get an insight into the morals, such as they were, and the manners of the age. Henry Sidney himself appears to have been a very common-place person—handsome, dissolute, and intriguing,—although, from his position and the progress of events, he was enabled to play a somewhat conspicuous part in the Revolution of 1688, and was proportionally honoured and rewarded by William, who created him Earl of Romney. The historical value of these papers is, indeed, so small, that it would be mere waste of time to hunt for the few paragraphs that incidentally throw a light either on characters or events; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the gossip. Our starting point shall be two letters from an unfortunate person of the name of Worthley, who, we are told, was “of an ancient family and highly connected, who, unfortunately for herself, upon the death of her husband, fell in Sidney's way, and lived with him as his mistress for twenty years. At length, deserted and in distress, having in vain applied to Sidney, she threw herself at the feet both of Charles and James, and published her case and her injuries to the world. From among many of her letters of appeal to him, the two following have been selected as written in a milder and quieter spirit of remonstrance than many others.”

The boldness of her remonstrances is very much in the spirit of the women who figured in the days of Charles the Second:—

“June 18th, 1688.

“My Lord,—I wish some good angel would instruct my pen to express something that would incline your Lordship to moderate your hate towards me that have loved you only too well, and would increase that slender portion of love you have for your own honour. Could your Lordship make cripples of my tongue and pen, by confining me to a jail, as well as my limbs, you might then hope for a conquest; but, my Lord, though I am perfectly lame, and have in a manner quite lost the use of my limbs, yet my pen will never lose its vigour, nor will my tongue be silent. How happy should I now esteem myself if I could say or do anything that would make you reassume your former good-nature! but do not misconstrue me, my Lord; I mean only that part of your good-nature that would oblige you to do what is reasonable, and not to return to your embraces. Your Lordship must pardon me if I still am perfectly yours without desiring your conversation. I am the best-natured fool living, but it is not to that degree as to be a silent fool neither. I would willingly, if your Lordship pleases, take a little fresh air between this time and Michaelmas, and all that at present I desire your Lordship to do is to let me have half a year's money next Monday. You know that I have lately begged that you would be pleased to send me a 100*l.* to pay some small debts, Pray, my dear Lord, do not deny me so poor a business as a little money now at Midsummer, for fear it may again transport me to do something that will go very much against the grain with me to do towards the man that in my soul I do adore and still love too well. I wish I did not. I am sure you never loved money well enough to deny me or anybody any reasonable sum out of a meanly miserable esteem for dress, but you have no other way to be revenged on me but to strip me naked and confine me; but, my Lord, how poor and how ignoble a revenge is this of yours to me, a poor, deluded woman, that hath loved you above myself, nay, above heaven or honour, and hath generously spent my youth with you in discontent and suffering! Whereas I might have had plenty and ease with others; and, if my too great confidence in your great worth and honour and generosity has betrayed me to irrecoverable ruin, yet, my Lord, you must certainly pity me, though you hate me: but I will not yet despair but that I may live to hear my Lord Sidney say, that he hates himself because he hated her, without any just cause, who is sincerely yours,

“G. WORTHLEY.

“P.S. My Lord, though there was too much noise

in King Charles's and King James's Court, let me humbly beg of your Lordship not to be, by your continued cruelty to her (who is not envious, but happy in seeing you so), the author of any new noise in King William's and Queen Mary's Court; for I assure your Lordship I do not desire it, for I am now wholly inclined to peace, love, and Christian amity. I hope you do not forget your hopeful son in Holland; and that you had my letter, with the inclosed bill, that came to me from him.

“July 6th, 1694.

“My Lord,—My creditors' unreasonable proposals, which I hope Colonel Fitz Patrick has acquainted you with, have obliged me to withdraw from London for the present, till I know what your Lordship would have me to do; and I wish you would consider that you must one day come to die, and that it will be too late when you come to lie upon a deathbed to wish you had been more kind and considerate of my sufferings for so many years together, and that now I must abscond or else bring your name upon the public stage, which you, if you please, may see I am very unwilling to do. I must now beg of your Lordship to order me another quarter's money, or I must return to London sooner than I am willing. How I wish I were to accompany King William in his progress into Cheshire; that I might once before I die make a visit to the good old wooden house at Stoak, within three miles of Nantwich, where I was born and bred; and, if your Lordship does attend on the King in his progress, let me beg of you to make a step to Stoak; 'tis but fourteen miles from West Chester, and I hear the King goes to Chester. You will find my cousin, Edward Mynshull, will give you a very generous entertainment, and so will my cousin, Sir Thomas Mainwaring, of Badelly; and Stanley, of Houghton; and Chemley, of Vale Royal; and forty more of my relatives there, if you please to do them the honour of visiting their innocent, clownish habitations; and when you have viewed Stoak Hall, where I was born (for so it is vulgarly called), then I must beg of your Lordship to tell me whether you don't think it was an agreeable portion for me to be attended from your door by a Constable and a Beadle. Gaysworth, too, will be able to entertain you—that was my great grandfather's; but my Lord Macclesfield complains that the old house is ready to fall upon his head. I love Gaysworth, because my mother was born there. I remember you told me you had been at Brewerton Green. I like Stoak as well—you will find my Lady Brewerton and her daughters at the good old house on Brewerton Green—the young ladies live there like nuns. I wish Queen Mary would make them courtiers, and I wish your Lordship would incline to do what is reasonable by me, that I might go into Cheshire and there end my days. I should enjoy more happiness in one month in Cheshire than I have done in all the twenty-five years I have missed in London. My Lord, I wish you a pleasant progress, and that you may meet with as much satisfaction as you desire. And if your Lordship will please to order me a 100*l.* as I have desired, it will be a satisfaction to me to pay poor people that want bread. If, my Lord, you will be so kind as to make a visit to Stoak, pray ask my cousin Ned Mynshull whether the heir of Pool be likely to outlive me or not, for if he were dead the estate comes to me, and, though it be but 400*l.* a year, yet it will be acceptable to me, if it be but to pay her debts who is sincerely yours till death,

“G. WORTHLEY.”

The fragment of another letter shows that the spirit of this woman was not broken by her misfortunes. She thus wrote to her cousin, Lord Brandon:—

“I am sorry Mr. Sidney is so credulous as to believe all the idle inventions of malicious people against me and my son, which, if he were not perfectly blind, he might see is only pure spite and malice. He treats me with a great deal of cruelty, which I think is very severe, first to have spent my precious youth so dismally as I have done, and now, for a reward of all my sufferings, to be abused and despised, and my son rejected, as if he were none of his, and all this to please his great Mistress; but he will find I have more than an ordinary soul, and, though I cannot manage a sword, a pistol I can; and, if he does not think good to make me some

better satisfaction for the many years of my youth which he has obliged me to spend with him, I shall pistol him and be hanged for him, which I had rather do than sit still and starve, or be any longer a laughing-stock."

During his residence abroad, Henry Sidney was elected member for Bramber. The following letter from his agent gives the particulars, and contains some historical names of interest:

London, Sept. 1, 1679.

"Most Honoured Sir,—We have at last now dispatched the business at Bramber, though we met with great difficulties, lying under several disadvantages, as that of your not being there, nor in England, nor known to any of them; this made for the Gorings, both Henry Goring and Peirce, who have been formerly chosen there: then, what you will be surprised at, your brother Algernon made an interest for one Sir Charles Woosley, who was one of Oliver's friends, and he seems to be mightily disgusted because you should stand at Bramber, where he intended once to stand, which I have taken upon me to answer to Sir Jo. Pelham, that you knew nothing of it. It seems he had a great desire to be a Member, and therefore Penn, and Sir John Fagg, and such men, made him interest in several places; and the design, as I find since, was to get Woosley in, if he got in anywhere else. Penn (as I presume you will hear by a better hand) wrote to Sir Jo. Pelham that your standing at Bramber would make a greater feud between you and your brothers than is between you and the elder; unless, for an expedient, your interest and Sir Jo. Pelham's credit were engaged for that worthy patriot, C. W.: whether this were only cunning in Penn, or true in your brother, I cannot well say; but I believe you have the most cause to take the matter ill from him, who, after he knew you stood, should have turned by and put in a stranger; this added to the trouble and your charge, for he having been there about eight days before the election, and given money to some in the town, and made his learned speech with thanks for their good will to him, and recommended to them that gent., and left ten or twelve guineas to thank them as was pretended, and left instructions and promises with some of that party of 101, a man, which works powerfully under hand. Those promises on the one hand, and Mr. Goring's frequent treats and drinkings on the other, made us spend much more than we should, to keep our party firm. Mr. Westbrooke wishes us well, but durst not appear against his friends and neighbours, the Gorings; but we had an indefatigable friend of Mr. Turner, who lives on the spot, who, by the credit he had with the Burgers, and the powerful charms we urged of feasting and drinking, made your interest so great, that the day before the election, after some treaty on the points, Mr. Peirce Goring consented to desist, if he might have his charge reimbursed, which was readily consented to; for I found by this you would prevent all grudges between the Gorings and the Bridgers, and which was more, it would prevent any ill-will between Sir Jo. Pelham and those who, a few days before, had been at the election of knights for the putting by of Sir J. Fagg, who lost it; and the two brothers, Sir Jo. and Sir Nicholas Pelham, carried it. The charge he was at, he says, was 80*l*., which I have engaged to pay this week; 'twas more than we thought it could have been, but it is not to be imagined what those fellows, their wives, and children, will devour in a day and night, and what extraordinary reckonings the taverns and alehouses make, who, being Burgers, are not to be disputed with on that point. And now, Sir, I am coming to tell you we have spent you almost 200*l*., more, and have been no ill husbands neither; but, if we had not met with the difficulties aforesaid, half this expense would have served. And, if ever there should be the like occasion, you are sure of Bramber; for Peirce, I reckon has passed over his interest for ever. They long very much to see you, when you come over (which I begin to hope to hear of); Mr. Pelham and I have engaged they shall have that satisfaction; Mr. Pelham was so kind as to go over with me, and came again the day of election, though very wet; Sir Jo. sent over half a buck, with which we treated bravely. I made it an article that the gentleman should declare amongst the Burgers that he did desist, and that he would take it as well if they were for you as for him; and, to do him right, he owned a great respect for your family,

and, in particular, for yourself; and, if they would choose a stranger, he knew none more worthy; but this could not be brought into example to leave the neighbours and gentlemen of the country; but he having his residence at Maidstone, we thought him as much a stranger as you, Sir. I have now given you an account of all the most serious parts of this affair: there are many things I might add, which are too long and impertinent, and therefore I shall say no more of that matter, unless I beg leave to tell you, that you would have laughed to see how pleased I seemed to be in kissing of old women, and drinking wine with handfuls of sugar, and great glasses of burnt brandy, three things much against the stomach, yet with a very good will, because to serve him I most honoured. I hope, Sir, you will pardon this tedious, indigested matter, which you find strangely huddled together, as it came into the mind of Sir—

"Your most obedient and most dutiful servant,

"G. SPENCER."

Algernon Sidney is several times mentioned by the Countess Dowager of Sunderland, but he does not appear to have been much liked:—

"My brother Algernon, upon my sending to know how he did when he was ill, has come to me three times, and I believe will continue it, for he seems very well pleased with it. We have never said one word of any difference, and I never contradict him when he says such things as that Sir William Coventry is no more an able man than a handsome man."

Other family matters are occasionally touched on in these letters; indeed, the letters of Saccharissa are the best in the collection, and remarkable for their homely good feeling and good sense:—

"February 19th, 1679.

"Your kind letter does so delight me, I would fain say something that would be the portrait of my heart, but I am so dull. Though my Lord Halifax has sent for his family, I hope he will come up himself before everybody disperses. He can be without them here, but not very well there, because company comes to him. Nan Savile hath no regret but to be at her cousin's wedding. I think all is agreed upon now. The articles were signed yesterday, and the gentleman had leave to wait upon his mistress. My brother is gone home, and the writings are to be drawn. The marriage must be at Holland". In some respects I am sorry for it. My sister had a great mind to come, and I should have been glad to have seen her. My brother thought it would be more expense, and not handsome, because of his great relations: I believe he did consider this the more. Mr. Algernon never goes to them, though they have sought him, so that I have wondered at it often. All the women went to see him; the married Pelham and the two sisters, and the men did; but he has used them so abominably, they are ashamed of it, though he did before the treaty of this marriage: they would some of them lay it upon that. I told them, if anybody would bring a better, I would change my party. I had no bride, but I saw some thought this too good. For my part, I think neither of them well married, but this is a good deal better than Montague, though she calls him her pretty dear, and kisses him a thousand times in a day. I tell Lucy she shall not do so; her's will be much such a pretty dear. Nan Savile is very comical about this business; sometimes they are great friends and very familiar. Mr. Pierpoint has promised her, that if he is so happy as to have Mrs. Pelham, and that she is willing, they shall come to Rufford this summer. This is an article of marriage that has given great satisfaction. The thing has been done that I did not much approve of, but I said nothing. Mr. Pierpoint readily did consent to it, but I thought it so little a thing for them to ask, which is, that if she dies and leaves no child, the 2000*l*. to be paid at her father's death shall not be paid, or returned again if it be. This was a foresight of Tom Pelham's. For our friends at court, my Lord Sunderland is as well as anybody; how long, God knows! as long as it does, I must tell you nobody has a truer friend at court than you have of him. Hyde and Godolphin, his supporters, are never from him, with her [the Duchess of Portsmouth] at Little Ombre. The players have been disturbed again by drunken people's

• The ancient seat of the Pelhams, in Sussex.

jokes. They called my Lord Arran a rogue; and one Fitzpatrick pointed at Mr. Thinne, and called him that petitioning fool, and swore a hundred oaths; he said that he deserved 20,000*l*. a-year, but that fool deserved nothing. My Lady Scroope writes to me, that Mr. Saville is sometimes a very impertinent minister; he is more than ever with her, in what he writ hitherto. She is in as ill hands as can be for her. They are treacherous creatures. I wish a good speedy end of your embassy, and that you were a simple gentleman in my chamber again. My Lady Lisle has another boy; the two grandfathers and the Duchess of Albermarle did christen it. Our brother made her Grace stay above two hours for him, and she had not many more to stay in town. I am yours, with a very true affection, D. S."

The following paragraphs also contain characteristic traits of the age:—

"I have but little time, and am not well. I must not forget my business, which is for Mr. Pierpoint; he has in Holland some pictures, of considerable value he thinks them, and he says they are prohibited goods; most of them are Popish pictures, but not a crucifix amongst them. If you can, without inconvenience to yourself, get them over for him, you will do him a great favour, and I will let you know where they are as soon as I hear from you. * You must needs hear of the abominable disorders amongst us, calling all the women whores and the men rogues in the playhouses—throwing candles and links—calling my Lord Sunderland traitor, but in good company; the Duke, rascal; and all ended in 'God bless his Highness the Duke of Monmouth. We will be for him against all the world.' I am told they may be fined a great deal if they are prosecuted. Two of these are knights of shires, Sir Scroope How, and my Lord Wharton's eldest son; the only sufferer yet is Porter. * His majesty and his City of London are upon very good terms. When he supped this week at the Mayor's, the people showed as much of affection and duty as the expressions at such a time could be. The Lady Mayoress sat next to the King, all over scarlet and ermine, and half over diamonds. The Aldermen drank the King's health over and over upon their knees, and wished all hanged and damned that would not serve him with their lives and fortunes. They attended him to Whitehall at two o'clock in the morning; they would not trust him with his guards, who were all drunk, but brought some of their own, and they all went merry out of the King's cellar. The next day they came in a full body, to give both the King and Duke thanks for the honour they had done them. The Mayor is now as well affected as anybody, and was as ill."

The following is from the Diary:—

"Monsieur Camprich, dining here, told me of a Doctor who undertakes to get gold out of the sand of the sea. He is of Spire; his name is Doctor Becker. The first experiment was made before the Pensioner at Haarlem, and some other of the States; then they made the report of it, and they think it feasible, and have agreed to give him 50,000 crowns, and two in the hundred of all he makes; he undertakes that the profit shall be a hundred in a hundred; next week the experiment is to be made at the house for casting of cannon. The States that saw the experiment are sworn to secrecy. In April he proposed this. Mr. Rockwood thinks he is a cheat: he hath had thoughts of going into England; he is as poor as other chymists to be."

A Manual of Gold and Silver Coins of all Nations, struck within the Past Century. By Jacob R. Eckfeldt and William E. Du Bois, Assayers of the Mint of the United States. 4to. Philadelphia, Wiley & Putnam.

VARIOUS causes combine to render a new work like the present necessary once in about every twenty years. While some states disappear from the list of independent nations, others are rising into existence, or passing under the rule of new dynasties; and in many of those countries which undergo neither national nor territorial mutation, alterations from time to time take place in the denominations or standard of the currency. Thus, the 'Traité des Monnaies' of M. de Bonneville, in 1806, and Dr.

Kelly's 'Universal Cambist,' the last edition of which appeared in 1821, have now become, in a great measure, useless; and Messrs. Eckfeldt and Du Bois, who hold the office of Assayers in the Mint of the United States, have, in consequence, undertaken the laborious task of giving to the commercial world this new guide to their monetary transactions.

The work consists of six divisions, or chapters. The first briefly explains the general and well-known principles of coinage, and the reasons which have in all ages led to the use of gold, silver, and copper, for that purpose. The next chapter, which forms the bulk of the volume, details at length the systems of coinage of various nations; giving the order of succession in each, with such historical facts as bear upon the metallic currency, the legal standards, the annual production of the precious metals, if any, and tables of the gold and silver coins: these tables specify the denominations and dates of the coins, the reign or government under which they were struck, with their weight, fineness, and value, according to averages obtained by operations upon (in most cases) large quantities of pieces taken in fair condition out of actual circulation. The third chapter treats of gold and silver bullion, and gives much useful information on the different, and sometimes curiously fraudulent, forms in which the precious metals find their way to the Mint of the United States. Chapter 4. is devoted to the consideration of counterfeit coins, and of the various tests, sensible, mechanical, and chemical, for distinguishing them from the true. Chapter 5. explains the method of testing the fineness of the precious metals, and especially gold, by their specific gravities, and contains an elaborate table of the specific gravities of gold and silver at different grades of fineness, and variously alloyed. The last division consists of sixteen plates of coins of various countries, with ample descriptions. There is, besides, an appendix, containing a variety of useful tables on the statistics of coinage.

From this summary of the contents of the work, it will be seen that it is intended for the merchant and bullion dealer, rather than for the numismatist. The cabinets of our collectors are almost exclusively confined to coins of this country and classical coins. Few persons collect the coins of the mediæval or modern European states, and fewer still those of the Transatlantic republics; indeed, the late Provost of Eton, Dr. Goodall, was the only person whom we ever knew to make any extensive collection of specimens of the latter description; and at his death they were all consigned to the crucible, being worth, in this country, nothing beyond their intrinsic value. The poverty of the design is in general exceeded only by the greater poverty of execution; hence the coins treated of in this work, in no case extending to a date much more remote than a century ago, are little known in England, except in the character of bullion.

We have naturally turned to the notice of British coins, as being the part of the subject most familiar to us. The list of denominations, from the reign of George I., given at page 38, comprises, we presume, only such as the authors have had the opportunity of assaying, for it is far from complete. For instance, the shilling is the only coin of George I. there mentioned, whereas he also struck crowns, half-crowns, and sixpences of various dates. Neither are the crowns of George II. and George III. specified, and yet these pieces are of such common occurrence, that it is difficult to suppose that not one of them should have come under the operation of the Assay Office of the United States Mint. The note at page 39 states, that the coins called *Maunday money*, which are struck for distribu-

tion in the royal Easter alms, consist of pieces of three-pence, two-pence, three-halfpence, and one penny. This is an error. The denominations really are, four-pence, three-pence, two-pence, and one penny. The three-halfpenny piece, of similar type, was struck for colonial circulation, and a comparison of the reverses of the Maunday and common circulating groat will show the difference of the two pieces.

Trifling inaccuracies of this kind, the difficulty of avoiding which can be estimated only by those who have endeavoured to form an accurate list of every variety of coin even in their own country, will not detract from the real utility of the work. It appears to be, on the whole, ably and carefully compiled; and although it addresses itself, as we have already said, chiefly to commercial men, it contains much matter of general interest.

Songs and Ballads for the People. By the Rev. John M. Neale, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Burns.

"Until discipline be restored again, which is much to be desired, it is thought good" that songs should come to the aid of sermons, and that a wholesale denunciation of wrath against irreverent dissenters, should assume the form of a ballad. The little *brochure* before us is but a specimen of what is intended; in Mr. John M. Neale's forthcoming volume, we suppose that other sacred things will be set to the tune of Lillibullero, Sterne having introduced Uncle Toby as whistling that tune as a proper accompaniment to Erasmus's form of excommunication, "Doctor Slop with his light division of curses moving under him like a running bass;" grave matters will be accommodated to airs "admitting of no variations;" and Gunpowder Treason will be fitted to the music of the incantation scene in 'Der Freischütz.' Such a task is well worthy of the Rev. John M. Neale, and we proceed to exhibit proofs of his competency to effect not only this but much more. The first song personifies the Church of England asserting for herself that she alone has the privilege of teaching:—

The true old Church of England!
She alone hath power to teach,
'Tis presumption in Dissenters
When they pretend to preach.
They might take away Her churches,
They might take Her lands away,
But she would be the true Church,
And base intruders they.

"Purchasers are requested to look for the Rev. John M. Neale's signature on the label, for no other is genuine." There is some little confusion in the stanza between the personified abstract Church and the edifice, but this is remedied as we get on.

God bless the Church of England!
The good, the true, the brave!
She baptis'd us in our cradle,
She shall bear us to our grave.

Admire the appropriate selection of epithets: she is a "good" old lady, she is "true," and she is "brave." In the name of common sense and the Rev. John M. Neale, what can you want more? We do not like the imperative *shall* in the last line, seeing that the said Church seems to carry as much on its back (in the Rev. M. Neale) as it can well bear already.

The second ballad is a fierce onslaught on the Teetotallers; they are compared to boys permitted to play in their father's orchard on condition of not pulling the fruit:—

Says Jack, "Oh! no, father, but don't you mistake,
We won't touch the fruit, but it's not for your sake;
It's because we've a corner not an apple to pick,"
D'ye think I should thank him, or give him the stick?

"Give him the stick by all means! Only think of the naughty varlet using his reason to discover how he could best obey his father's precept!" But in his haste to chastize the Teeto-

tallers, Mr. Neale has fallen foul of the Church Catechism:—

There is but one vow God commands us to make
When we first are baptiz'd, which we never must break,
So many those who make new ones be left in the lurch,
There's but one Temperance Union, and that is the Church.

The third paragraph of our Catechism is, "What did your god-fathers and god-mothers then for you? A. They did promise and vow three things in my name," &c. The similarity between the Church and a Temperance Union is left unexplained, and we shall not presume to unravel the mystery.

We have two answers to the question, "Why don't you go to meeting?" one by a mother and one by a child; the latter is chiefly remarkable for its falsification of Scripture,—

And Saul's sad end might make us wise,
Whom God in anger slew,
Because he offered sacrifice,
Which only priests might do.

It would be well if persons, who use Scripture illustrations, previously took the trouble of verifying the facts; they too often, as in this instance, exhibit only "just enough of learning to misquote." The child is made to conclude his profession of attachment to the Church in these words,—

'Tis there I love His name to bless,
And there to hear His word:
How can I do this wickedness
And sin against the Lord?

Passing over a song on 'Beating Bounds,' which transgresses all bounds of decency and common sense, we come to an attack on the system of pews, containing the following strange piece of historical information:—

'Twas a humble old custom to kneel side by side,
But pews came at first of contention and pride,
And those wicked men who invented the thing
They pull'd down the churches and murder'd their king.

The only answer to this nonsense is, that the system of pews was introduced into the English churches before the Puritans existed as a party. Close to this historical blunder we find the following astounding declaration:—

I know that Church-rates are a debt
To God Almighty due,
And how dares any Christian man
Call them a hardship too?

We will not waste words in refuting such absurdity. Let us turn to the Village Politicians:—

They would fain do away with the corn laws, and think
It would cheapen provisions, their meat and their drink,
They forget that their wages would equally sink,
Which nobody can deny.

But let us go on:—

All the care that I take for the State is to pray
My best for the Church and the Queen every day,—
And I know nothing more, and I hope never may,
Which nobody can deny.

We readily believe the author's candid confession, that "he knows nothing more," and there is every probability of his pious wish to continue in ignorance being very amply gratified.

We can copy no more of this trash. It was not for the mere sport of "breaking a butterfly upon a wheel" that we noticed the work at all, but pains have been taken to circulate it, and to introduce it into the cottages and lodgings of the poor. It is advertised as a tract for distribution, and is brought forward under the auspices of a party; circumstances have therefore invested it with more importance than is usually possessed by pestiferous nonsense, and while we laugh at its absurdity we could almost weep at the evidence it affords of a spirit of bigotry and intolerance existing in our age and nation, which would have disgraced the most barbarous land in Europe during the night of the Middle Ages.

To remonstrate with the author would be idle; he clearly is destitute of the materials on which reason and argument could work, and therefore all human means must fail to convince him of his errors, and turn him from the perversity of

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his proceedings. But he has superiors, and right reverend rulers and defenders of the Church, who we are sure would disavow the sentiments here set forth as specimens of clerical teaching; and at a moment when a claim is made for placing the direction of secular education under the hierarchy, it is the bounden duty of that body to show, that the education which they will bestow differs essentially from the teaching of the Rev. John M. Neale. They are under a moral obligation to show they will not class "Baptists, Chartists, Infidels, Wesleyans, Independents" in one category—that they will not tell the yeomanry of England "they dare not leave their Church"—that they will not identify dissent with "sedition and rebellion"—and that they do not intend to arrogate to Lambeth the exploded tyranny of the Vatican.

Letters from the Pyrenees. By T. Clifton Paris.
(Second Notice.)

WE last week spoke of these letters as full of temptation for the adventurous traveller. We shall now offer justification of the character then given, in the shape of two mountain rambles, which we will narrate as completely as time and space permit. The first is an excursion from Gavarnie to the Brèche de Roland, which is "generally considered the most difficult adventure in the Pyrenees":—

"I started, (says Mr. Paris,) by nine o'clock in the morning, full of confidence for the exploit. In an hour the arena of the Marboré was gained; and I stood in the middle of the *Oule* looking up at the black precipices that rise so grimly around, and which to the careless observer appear as perfectly inaccessible; but there is a spot on the left hand where the traveller can climb aloft with the assistance of his hands and feet and a steady head. Of this I had been informed, and on my former visit to Gavarnie I felt almost certain I had discovered its locality. I accordingly made straight for this place by crossing the torrent, which was no easy matter, and then working my way up an inclined plane of *débris* to the foot of the precipice. My conjecture proved correct—this was evidently the place I had sought, by the worn aspect of the rocks, so I applied myself to the task and ascended. This rock-ladder is one of the most curious features in the ascent to the Brèche de Roland: in the gigantic sweep of the Circus it is the only spot where it is possible to scale the precipice, and the traveller is enabled to invade the higher regions by grasping projections and ledges which are afforded by the crumbling strata, and following exactly in the footsteps that have been imprinted on the rock by former explorers, or by the *contrabandistas* who frequently pass by this difficult route into Spain. Although sufficiently abrupt, it presents no danger and little difficulty to a person accustomed to the mountains; but as I went aloft I rested every now and then to look down into the huge amphitheatre, or to gaze in wonder at the cascade and glaciers, and I should recommend every traveller to brave these heights, should he wish to view this bold-leaping torrent to its greatest advantage. Its columns of water are precipitated like rushing rockets or broad-headed arrows, dispersing in spray before they gain half the descent, when they again assemble on a jutting ledge and fall once more in a cloud of watery spears towards the *Oule* of the Circus."

After a scramble of two hours and a half, Mr. Paris "reached a kind of platform immediately below the glacier and summit":—

"What a stern wilderness here opened upon me,—a region of ice, torn and rent into chasms, and a series of black precipices and ranges of decomposing rocks that crumbled beneath the touch! In one place a series of slates rose in bristling ranks like so many razors, to fall upon which would have been certain mutilation, and on the right stood a jagged ridge, wonderfully fissured in the direction of its highly inclined strata, from the hollows of which I summoned innumerable echoes, and so repeatedly were my yellings bandied about, that I verily believe they would

have scared a pack of wolves from the mountain; demoniacal laughter rang around me on all sides, and groans appeared to issue from the deep crevasses of the glacier: nor was the breathless silence that succeeded scarcely less appalling, and I was fain for mere companionship again and again to disturb it. Having reached the foot of the glacier I now turned up its side, the rock often giving way under my weight and lacerating my hands by the roughness of its surface; but however distressing this might be, it was with reluctance that I left it for a yielding mass of loose rubbish, where it was a much more difficult task to keep my legs, and where nothing lay below me but a smooth snow-field that sloped towards precipices. However, having passed this unpleasant spot, and after a climb of three hours and a half from the Circus, I reached a place where I must repose a few minutes, in order to give you a notion of the wonderful sight that there met my view,—the far-famed Brèche de Roland. Along the summit of the Marboré mountain, which forms a prominent feature in the great ridge of the Pyrenees, runs a wall of rock from 300 to 600 feet in height, dividing France from Spain, in the centre of which appears an enormous gap or *brèche* about 300 feet wide, of such regularity as to resemble a portal between the two kingdoms, though it gives ingress and egress to little else than the drifting snow and howling wind. This ice-bound gateway is the Brèche de Roland. * * As a pass it is but seldom used, except by the smugglers who care not for its difficulties, or by the few travellers who ascend Mont Perdu. The danger lies on the French side, and I had now arrived at the point where it begins; a smooth glacier that slopes to the distant circus is to be crossed. This dizzy labour is generally effected by the traveller with a guide on each side, who have their feet armed with *crampons*, and are furnished with hatchets in order to notch the slippery surface. I essayed the snow with my feet, looked at the stupendous gateway so provokingly near, and then down the huge slope of the smooth ice, which went down and down, and grew steeper and steeper, until it was lost in the hideous precipices of the Circus. The sight was too appalling: I could not summon sufficient resolution to attempt the passage, which was in distance about a quarter of a mile, and wisely, I think, abandoned it, considering that I was without *crampons* or any knowledge of the proper mode of effecting it. To understand all its terrors the place must be seen; once slip, and you are gone for ever past all human aid: the death is too frightful for contemplation. The guides tell a story of an unhappy traveller who perished a short time ago in the passage of this glacier. He was crossing it with every possible precaution, when his trousers by some unaccountable accident became entangled with his *crampons*—he lost his balance, and in vain attempted to recover it, since there was nothing at which he could grasp to save himself—in an instant he shot down the sloping ice with the rapidity of a thunderbolt: while his horrified companions watched his awful career to those fearful precipices where he must have been dashed to pieces, and where of course all search for his remains would have been fruitless. When my friend O—ascended, the whole region was covered with fresh-fallen snow, in which he had traced the course of a gigantic set of paws, which the guide declared were those of a bear: the passage of the glacier under such circumstances was of course comparatively easy. I also found the frozen mass coated with a layer of snow, with the exception of a portion in the middle, where the blue ice was laid bare and glittered in the sun: had it not been for this, I think I might have crossed to the Brèche with safety."

The "Fausse Brèche," another gap in the rocks, was, however, accessible:—

"This giddy path to it formed as it were the coping of a precipice that fell perpendicularly some thousand feet to the ice-beds of the *Tailon*, the most western limb of the Marboré, and as I walked along it I could stretch my right hand over the abyss, and touch with my left a wall of snow that constituted the crest of the great glacier I had been skirting. I was indulging in a hope of reaching the Fausse Brèche by this dizzy route, when my steps were arrested by the abrupt termination of the ledge, and I saw to my disappointment that from this quarter it was inaccessible. I therefore sat down for some time to enjoy the pleasures of so exalted a position, and to look down into the

gulf at the dark blue rents and chasms in the ice, and to search the wilderness for *isards*; whilst I listened to the strange noises in the restless glacier, or to the dull sound of falling rocks or snow which alone disturbed the air. I also made a sketch of the Fausse Brèche, while an eagle soaring above me appeared to be taking considerable interest in my operations; but the cold was so intense and my hands became so benumbed that it was with great difficulty I could accomplish it. At this altitude it was Siberian winter, whilst the regions below were reeking from the heats of summer, as the hot haze that enveloped the view sufficiently testified. On retracing my steps I found a difficulty in my path that I had not anticipated: on my way hither I had crossed a chasm where the ledge had been broken down, by keeping a tight hold on the inequalities of the rock: on returning to this awkward place, I found that the surface down which I must now lower myself, with a precipice upwards of a thousand feet immediately beneath me, had very few projections that could render me assistance, and even those upon trial yielded to my weight. I think I must have been a quarter of an hour in planning different positions for my hands and attitudes for my body, before I slid down to the narrow glacier that sloped to the precipice; but the rocks held firm, and I soon regained the ledge on the opposite side in safety. This was one of the most disagreeable places I passed on that day; the gulf being so deep, and the slope to it so inexpressibly terrific. I had left my high perch near the Fausse Brèche at five o'clock, and I reached the foot of the glacier with tolerable ease, but there I was rather startled by the view that presented itself, and I felt the imprudence of having started so late. It was really fearful to look upon the long ridges of inclined strata, running down steeper and steeper towards the gulf of the Circus, with the sudden conviction of the extreme difficulty of finding the right direction to that exact spot at which I ascended, and by which alone an exit from the mountain could be accomplished; for from the puzzling formation of the strata, it is almost impossible for the stranger to retrace his steps with certainty. I accordingly found that I repeatedly went wrong, and was obliged to scramble back again over slopes ending in precipices, and as the daylight was rapidly fading, these successive failures at length began seriously to alarm me. Luckily, however, I espied at some distance a Spanish shepherd gathering together his flock, and hurrying towards him I made a signal that he should point out the right direction, which he immediately did, and I then proceeded with fresh assurance of finding my way. But I was doomed to further disappointments—the fearful labyrinth was far from being untravelled—again and again did I find myself on the brink of the gulf: but the sun was down, and I had already left the shepherd far above me; so, growing desperate at the rapid approach of night whilst I was in so dangerous a position, I clambered down perpendicular rocks at the most imminent hazard, for a yielding ledge or an incautious step would have shot me down to the regions below like an avalanche. But this rash descent was fruitless—I could not hit the track—darkness was falling rapidly upon the mountains, and I was surrounded by the most hideous precipices without knowing whether to go to the right or to the left. My situation at that moment was certainly not enviable. I looked around at the distant ridges growing momentarily more indistinct, and searched about for some projecting crag that might afford me shelter and protection for the night; but in so doing my eye suddenly recognized a riven rock as an acquaintance I had passed in the morning: no chance of escaping from these dismal heights was to be neglected—I made another attempt, and happily descended into the Circus; but down rocks with my hands and feet in perfect darkness."

So much for one autumn day's pleasure!—We have promised our readers another adventure: the starting-point of which was the airy Baths of Panticosa:—

"After having idled away four days at this place, taking 'mine ease in mine inn,' I and my friend broke cover on the 25th, and started on an excursion that proved, as you will presently hear, no mean adventure: but before we set out on this wild journey, I must tell you that we had been informed by the

Master of the Baths there were two ways of reaching Bujarelo besides that which we had pursued; one that could be traversed by horses, although according to Michel, most execrable—a journey of eight hours by the village of Panticosa; the other, a scramble of five hours, without any track, passing across the wilderness of the highest Pyrenean range. We were very anxious to see, as well as to ascertain the existence of these two passes, as they must necessarily traverse sublime scenery, and one of them was the road we ought to have taken from Bujarelo. I must moreover tell you that the weather during our stay at Panticosa had not only changed from sunshine to hail and rain, but from extreme heat to that of cold; inasmuch that the great wood fire of the kitchen was the only place where we could abide in our very light coats with any comfort; the torrents had swollen to twice their usual bulk—had carried away the little bridge of pines, and overflowed the lake so as to render the mule-path impassable; besides which, the floods of rain had inundated the valleys, and fresh-fallen snow had covered the mountains in every direction. Under such inauspicious circumstances we started on the morning of the 25th, for Bujarelo, having been instructed to follow a torrent that came down to the Baths from an amazing height and great distance in one continuous fall, until we reached a lake, and then to search for another stream flowing in the opposite direction, which, as was said, would in due time conduct us to the Valley of Bujarelo. The morning was tolerable, although clouds were sweeping in various directions and the cold was severe; yet it appeared brilliant after the turbulent sky we had seen for several days: accordingly we made a temporary adieu to Michel, who cheerfully hinted at the impossibility of our finding the way, it being our intention to sleep that night at Bujarelo, and to return by the Panticosa road on the morrow."

"Climbing bodily upwards to a vast height by the course of the torrent," and the passage thereof, are held in little esteem as feats by Mr. Paris:—

"It was not long," he continues, "before a real difficulty occurred—the stream divided; but we fortunately determined on following the one on the left, which after another laborious ascent conducted us to the lake. The next point was to discover the stream we were to follow to Bujarelo: beyond rose a bare ridge, apparently inaccessible—the stream of course must be on the other side of it. We clambered up the mountain and reached another lake, which was of considerable size, and from this point we espied a gap in the ridge, which we determined to gain, and accordingly waded our way, slowly enough, ankle-deep, and sometimes up to our knees in snow. On nearing the summit some dangerous places had to be crossed—sloping rocks that lay concealed under the snow, smooth and highly inclined, and many narrow escapes had we from being precipitated. But clouds came now sweeping up from below and down from above, and before we could top the ridge everything beyond a limited circle was concealed from us. At length, however, we stood in the gap, shivering with the cold, that was intense, and scarcely able to withstand the force of the wind: the mist driving through the opening seemed to penetrate my very bones; whilst all in front, except a chaotic mass of rocks and a bed of snow that lay immediately beneath, was quite invisible. Such a state of things appeared sufficiently cheerless; the chance of finding our way to Bujarelo very unlikely, and we deliberated as to the prudence of a further progress. Upon consulting our watches we found there was just time enough to get back to our comfortable quarters before night-fall: we had a very faint idea of the direction to be taken to Bujarelo; the mountain wilderness was wrapped in darkness, and we were both cold and hungry."

It is only faint hearts, however, who will turn back:—

"A bright gleam of sunshine which chased away the mists, and showed us far distant on the right a green mountain, and a portion of sky more brilliantly blue than the fairest sapphire. 'Allons—en avant,' we both exclaimed, and on we went with renewed spirits. The mountain we had seen was at a very considerable distance, but we calculated upon finding some shepherd's hut under which we might pass the

night should we fail in reaching Bujarelo. There was a kind of gap in the mass of rocks below in the same direction, to which my companion thought we had better descend: I differed upon this point, and gave it as my opinion that the proper route lay in front, over the ridges of snow: I yielded, however, and we forthwith began a descent more difficult than anything we had yet encountered; for although the gap was not more than two hundred feet distant from us, the passage to it occupied no less than half an hour; after which we again descended, and reached a hollow scored by the tracks of sheep, and running down towards the desired green mountain, which to our snow-blinded eyes appeared an Eden. We therefore went on in the full confidence that all our perils were over: judge then of our disappointment when we observed the slope becoming steeper and steeper, and finding it, after an hour's walking from the dangerous descent above, to end in a system of hideous precipices. What was now to be done? We gazed silently at each other, and then cast our eyes below at the torrent, which dashed more wildly along as its bed grew steeper, until it fell through a rocky cleft, breaking into a series of cascades, and was finally lost in the abyss. It was evident that we were fairly in for a night among the crags and precipices, unless we could make our way below; wolves too were in the mountains, the cold was intense, and our clothes were of the very lightest material. These were very potent reasons for deciding that the descent, however perilous, must be attempted, and we accordingly looked about for the way by which it might possibly be accomplished. There was a cleft in the ridge to the left, towards which we observed a sheep-track, and we made straightway for it: nothing, however, was gained by this,—the same hideous slopes ran down towards the valley, which now became visible far below, and we heard the busy murmur of its torrent, which looked a silver thread in the distance. We passed along the side of this infernal ridge, regarding with longing eyes the soft green mountain opposite, from which arose the tinkling of cattle bells, although the animals themselves were not distinguishable; but the night was coming on rapidly, so it behoved us to be prompt and decisive; we therefore determined at once to lower ourselves down the slope until it might terminate in a precipice, when we trusted some way would present itself of attaining the valley. Down this we went with our hands and feet, my companion first, and I close upon his head, steadying ourselves by tufts of wiry grass, and perching upon small projections in the rock; dizzy work I can assure you, requiring no little nerve and caution; the different points of rest had to be felt, and their firmness ascertained before we ventured to trust our weight upon them—a slip would have been inevitable destruction. The thought occurred to me, and I afterwards learnt that I had shared it in common with my companion, that if one had gone, how dreadful would have been the situation of the other; for no human aid could have been obtained for many mountain miles. Lower and lower we went, and more difficult at every step became the descent; the ledges grew smaller, the mountain side more smooth and perpendicular, the tufts of grass more rare; at length we reached so frightful a pitch of the precipice that I shouted out to my companion to return, for it was madness to attempt any further progress. He, however, went two or three steps lower, and then called out to me for assistance,—exclaiming that he could neither go downwards nor get back, nor could he hold on many minutes! Here was an awful moment! it was utterly impossible for me to render him the slightest aid, and his destruction appeared inevitable; a precipice of several hundred feet was below, and then a mass of sloping granite rocks, highly inclined, ran down to the torrent, upon which, unless he could recover his step, he must be hurled in a few short moments. Providence, however, ordained it otherwise; he regained the presence of mind he had for the moment lost, and by a desperate effort got back to a place of comparative safety. We now determined to ascend, although that was no easy matter, and to find, if possible, some rocks that might afford us shelter for the night. It was, however, most provoking to give up our enterprise after having achieved so much, and we had not scrambled upwards more than a few yards, when I espied a place that seemed

to promise a more practicable descent, so we determined once more to attempt it. O— as before went first, and I followed close behind. There was only one part that seemed utterly impassable; but this my companion achieved by turning round in a very adroit manner, changing hands, and giving himself an indescribable twist,—most perilous it must be confessed. Upon my reaching it I felt I could not succeed, whilst it was equally impossible for my companion to return; I therefore determined at all events to attempt it, and after resting a few moments to collect all my energies, I succeeded in the manoeuvre, and we were in a few moments some way below. We had now passed the worst, and were soon by the side of a stream which had been in our neighbourhood all the way, tumbling down the rock in a continuous fall; into its black and slippery bed we slid, regardless of the water that fell upon us, and were shortly on the *débris* congratulating each other upon our escape. As day faded into night we reached the valley, and the long-coveted green mountain was opposite, but still unattainable, for a raging torrent rolled at the foot of it, which it was impossible to pass. We found ourselves in a *cul-de-sac* from which we could not escape without the light of day,—one of those bare Spanish watercourses without a tree or shrub that could afford shelter. A little lower down the mountains closed in upon it, merely leaving a narrow channel for the stream, and in the other direction the valley rose steeply to distant heights covered with snow. We stood still for a few moments to contemplate our position, when observing two shepherds high up on the opposite side, we shouted valiantly at the top of our voices; but the noise of the rushing waters drowned our efforts, and they vanished in the gloom. Nothing now was to be done but to make the best arrangements we could for passing the night: we had no food with us and were literally famishing; the air was severely cold, and nothing could be more threatening than the aspect of the clouds. To build up some sort of protection was of course our first determination; and after searching about we found a rock that we thought would serve well enough for a back to our proposed dwelling: we accordingly set to work about half-past eight collecting the great stones of the torrent, and by half-past ten I had built up a wall about five feet high on my side, but that of my companion's had not yet attained so great an elevation. We were very weary, and our hands were cut and bruised by the granite, but the labour served well to pass the time and to keep us warm. The clouds, however, that had been long threatening, now broke into rain, and drove us to our wretched walls; but they yielded not the slightest shelter, there being no roof or front to the dwelling, and the rain came from a quarter the very opposite to that which we had expected. We sat gloomily down on our two stone seats with a prospect more wretched than can be well imagined. Happily the rain passed off before we were completely wet, and the moon shone forth brilliantly, though the sky becoming more clear increased the intensity of the cold."

We must refer the reader to Mr. Paris's wood-cut, showing the situation in which he and O— were fain to pass the night. By good luck they had reserved a couple of cigars to cheer them, else might they have absolutely perished of cold and hunger; and never was morning longer in coming, than after their wretched vigil:—

"At length, however, at five o'clock the stars grew dim and faded, the green mountain loomed gradually through the darkness, and we arose with delight, although in a dreadful state from cold and fasting. We looked at the precipices we had descended in astonishment and awe, as we became fully impressed with the extent of the danger we had undergone, and leaving our dwelling, the scene of so much suffering, we started up the valley in order to seek a passage over the torrent: it was not, however, to be found, and we continued our way until we came in sight of a flock of sheep and a shepherd's hut sheltered by an impending precipice. I think I never beheld a more savage-looking fellow than the Spaniard who came out to meet us, or a face rendered more hideous by matted locks and unshaven beard: but his scowling physiognomy proved the fallacious outside of a civil

interior; for he answered our questions and directed us with all proper complaisance, telling us we had yesterday gone wrong from the summit of the ridge, by turning down to the right instead of keeping along the snows as I had proposed, and it seemed we had descended into the road by which we had intended returning, which indeed passed along the green mountain we had been so anxious to reach. Tired as we were, we yet resolved to follow up this road towards Bujarelo as far as the crest of the ridge in order to ascertain its direction, when we intended returning by the same path to the village of Panticosa. The scenery around us was amazingly fine; we had left the granite and were now among mountains of a different character, the brilliant colours and grotesque figures of which called forth admiration, even from such weary wanderers as ourselves. On our way back there was an extraordinary sight that met our view: high above on the ridge from which we had made our frightful descent, there appeared the walls and towers of a castle of considerable size, a true *Château en Espagne*, for had we not been assured of the impossibility of any human structure standing there, we should have supposed it to have been the stronghold of some Spanish chieftain:

A vision strange such towers to see
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously
Where human art could never be.

It proved a long weary way to Panticosa, and the descent seemed interminable. We halted in passing over the well-known green mountain to look down once more into the wild valley far below our feet, and upon our little hut that was plainly visible: we sat down for a short time, but such was my fatigue that I was in a few minutes asleep, and it was with difficulty my companion awoke me at the approach of a Spaniard. He was a herdsman: we pointed out to him the spot where we had descended—he shook his head and said it was impossible, for no hunter could pass down that precipice: we assured him of the fact, and showed him our wall of stones where we had passed the night, and then our bruised hands—he seemed astonished and looked after us in perfect wonder as we continued our way to Panticosa, which we reached in due time, and then bent our steps northwards to the Baths; and at two o'clock, after fasting seven and twenty hours, and walking that day for nine hours, we happily rounded the last corner of the road, and beheld the long-desired posada and its staring peasants pacing to and fro upon its terrace as we had left them."

We have not room for a word more; and our opinion of the book is best indicated by the copiousness of our extracts.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Maid of the Hall, or the Unfortunate Islanders; a Narrative founded on Fact, by the Rev. J. C. Bier-natski; from the German, by Samuel Jackson.—This last of the religious works, for which we are indebted to the translator of Jung Stilling's Memoirs, is by no means the least interesting of the series. As a narrative, it is written on the established pattern, that is to say, all the wrong done is done by "the world's people;" all the trial borne, all the self-sacrifice accomplished, is endured and wrought out by those trained according to the training approved by the author: and hence his tale, though amiably meant, is deficient as a moral lesson. Still, it is clear of the rancour which too largely embitters our indigenous literature of this class, while, as a picture of scenery and manners, its value is not small. The Halligs, it may be as well to remind the reader, are small islands on the west coast of the Duchy of Sleswick, liable to tempestuous encroachments from the sea, and whose inhabitants, therefore, may be regarded as in a perpetual state of siege. The story hinges upon a shipwreck, in the course of which the affections of a home-returning islander are seduced from his betrothed bride, and an inundation (administered somewhat too pointedly, after the repulsive fashion of a judgment,) in which retribution overtakes the inconstant man. The tale possesses the charm of individuality in such perfection, that we cannot let it go abroad without the caution we have intimated.

The Baroness.—This is an evangelical novel, apparently intended to counteract Mrs. Trollope's 'Vicar of Wrexhill.' As a story, it is contemptible; the plot is absurd, the characters ill-supported, and

the incidents unnatural; as a religious work, it is still worse; it substitutes asceticism for piety, discards charity from the Christian creed, and inculcates a Pharisaic contempt for those who do not adhere to every tittle of the rules which it has pleased the author to set up as a standard of perfection. Report attributes the authorship to a lady, but we are inclined to doubt the fact; for there are occasional instances of coarseness and vulgarity which we should be sorry to believe could have been written by a female. The work, however, is so certain of speedy oblivion, that the authorship is a matter of very little moment.

Comic Nursery Tales—Beauty and the Beast, by Albert Smith.—That Mr. Albert Smith furnishes some of the ingredients for *Punch*, we have his own 'Wassail Bowl' in evidence. That he follows occasionally in the track of 'Boz,' the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany* bear monthly witness, Mr. Titus Ledbury being a character, which is more than we dare say of most of the fictitious personages of the year. That Mr. Albert Smith can "enchant the ear" as a comic song-writer, Mr. John Parry's audiences know. Here he takes ampler room, as one of those burlesque versifiers of the dear old fairy tales, who tempt us at once to laugh and to be angry. His task is executed in the vein of Mr. Richard Swiveller, as every page will prove, since the poorest contains its parody or snatch of song: some, we must add, snatched from the masquerade warehouses of other comic rhymesters, Mr. Planché among the number. There is more fun in these verses than in the illustrations to which they serve as text. The artist tries hard to be whimsical, but the poetry of the legend is too strong for him, and he has fallen into a bad medium 'twixt farce and sentiment.

Tintern, Stonehenge, &c., by Stephen Prentiss, M.A.—The hoof of our author's Pegasus does, now and then, strike out a spark of the true fire—but the rider has him not well in hand. The steed, like all of its divine breed, needs no spurring; but if Mr. Prentiss continue to ride without reins, he will never be carried to Parnassus. Does he expect to meet with many readers who can find breath to follow him through eight entire Spenserian stanzas (72 lines!) of a single sentence, without reaching a period, in all that space, at which they may pull up for a moment's pause? But he lets his muse play wilder pranks than even this. What think our readers of parentheses, outgrowing the dimensions of the sentences in which they are set, in the proportion of about fifty to one;—cut off from the line out of which they grew by a mere comma,—yet taking the deliberate shape of formal episodes, that involve in themselves every variety of punctuation, up to the full-stop and the sign of ejaculation,—and then returning into their original theme, with a comma again, as unconcerned as if the author had, all the time, been performing a mere common evolution of syntax! "As though," says Mr. Prentiss, in his poem of *Stonehenge*—speaking of that one of many hypotheses as to the origin of the mysterious circle, which supposes it to be antediluvian—

As though, when Earth's last thousands strove to climb
Her last uncovered mountain—

and then proceeds through nearly one hundred lines of interpolation, actually changing his style into the narrative form, with many a full pause between, and not recovering himself from this remarkable digression, till he has gone through the entire phenomena of the deluge and swept away a world,—and then, coming easily back from his excursion, by the aid of a comma—thus,

As though e'en thou, I say, could'st then have kept thy station!

Really, this sort of licence betrays a want of arrangement and self-command sure to scare away readers. The loiterers along the pleasant paths of the muses will get, as well as they can, out of the way of a capricious steed like this, which may bolt out of the highway, at any moment, and fairly gallop over them. As we have said, the author has qualities which may make it worth his while to break in his Pegasus, and improve his own riding. There are some stanzas, at the close of his volume, which have much tenderness and beauty; but are injured by the same defect:—in twenty-seven verses, there are only three full periods.

Figures of Molluscous Animals, etched for the use of Students, by Maria E. Gray.—This work, which through some accident escaped our notice at the time of publication, seems an exceedingly useful and instructive

one. The new feature is the introduction of the molluscous animal as well as the shell, an attempt, we believe, never before made. The Genera are arranged according to the list printed in the "Synopsis of the contents of the British Museum," and the work itself being, in the words of Mr. Gray, on his wife's behalf, "a labour of love," is published at as low a price as possible, in order to place it within the reach of Conchologists of limited means.

The British Archaeological Magazine, No. 1, edited by T. H. Sealy, Architect.—One of the many manifestations of the increased and increasing attention paid to Archaeological inquiries; and so far as such inquiries tend to cultivate and refine the public taste, preserve the beautiful structures of former ages, and ensure their careful restoration, they are most commendable; but experience shows how easily reverence and respect degenerate into superstition; and we have of late read such an amount of childish twaddle with reference to the form and symbols of Middle Age architecture as makes us tremble lest we should ere long have another fanatical outbreak of the Martin Mar-Prelates, under an assumed necessity of putting a stop to idolatry. The work before us, like most of its class, promises to be interesting in its way, and by its local influence to do good, if only by discountenancing the whitewashings and barbarous mutilations which have disfigured so many of our fine old ecclesiastical buildings.

A Hand-Book to Hampton Court, by Felix Summery, Esq., second edition.—The hand-books of Felix Summery are all good and useful, pretty and cheap. This second edition however might have been cheaper and equally useful to the general reader had the historical notes and illustrations been omitted. Popular guide-books should be brief. We do not object to Felix Summery's gossiping and suggestive style; indeed we think it a great merit; it helps people to a pleasant idea, and gives its humanizing moral to inanimate things; but mere antiquarian information is suited for a different class, and we like his guide-books so well that we desire to see them as nearly perfect as possible.

Questions for Examination on Tytler's Elements of History, and Dr. Nares's Continuation, by the Rev. C. Lenny.—Useful for tutors in examining their pupils, or those readers of history who wish to test their memories and ascertain their proficiency.

List of New Books.—Cottage Bible and Family Expositor, by T. Williams, new ed. 3 vols. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Proceedings of the London Electrical Society, Sessions 1841-2 and 1842-3, edited by Charles V. Walker, roy. 8vo. 21s. cl.—Benthamiana, Select Extracts from Jeremy Bentham's Works, edited by J. Hill Burton, Esq., post 8vo. 3s. cl.—The Act to amend the Law for the Registration of Voters, 6 Vict. c. 18, with Notes and copious Index, by M. L. Wells, Esq., 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd., 3s. cl.—The Universal Steam Packet Guide for 1843, 12mo. 2s. swd.—The Omnipotency of the Deity, and other Poems, by T. B. Brindley, 3rd ed. 12mo. 4s.—A Few Plain Thoughts on Prophecy, by Rev. W. Marsh, D.D., 8vo. 2s. swd.—Arundines Cami, by H. Drury, new ed. 8vo. 12s. cl.—The Mechanical Euclid, containing the Elements of Mechanics and Hydrostatics, by W. Whewell, B.D. 4th ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d. swd.—Englishman's Library, Vol. XXV., 'Formby's Visit to the East,' 12mo. 7s. cl.—Homely Hints to Sunday School Teachers, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Kettellwell's Companion for the Penitent, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Christian Ladies' Magazine, Vol. XIX., 8vo. 7s. cl.—Litanies and Prayers for Sunday Schools, by J. E. Dalton, B.D., 8vo. 4s. cl.—Cheyne on Derangement of the Mind in Connection with Religion, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—A Memoir of the late Dr. Hope, edited by K. Grant, Esq., post 8vo. 7s. cl.—A Diary of the Times of Charles the Second, by the Hon. Henry Sidney, edited, with Notes, by R. W. Henson, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. 20s. cl.—King Eric and the Outlaws, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, by W. Carleton, with illustrations by Phiz, &c. Vol. I., 8vo. 14s. cl.—King Henry the Second, an Historical Drama, by the Author of Essays written during Intervals of Business, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Poems, by H. H. Methuen, Esq., B.A., 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The True Enjoyment of Angling, by H. Phillips, Esq., royal 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Shaw's, Dresses, and Decorations of the Middle Ages, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 7l. 7s. cl.—Ditto, large paper, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 10s. cl.—The Magazine of Domestic Economy, Vol. I., new series, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Legendary Rhymes, and other Poems, by Mary Anne E. Charnock, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Rendle on the Tank System of Communicating Heat to Horticultural Structures, 8vo. 5s. cl.—A Steam Manual for the British Navy, by W. J. Williams, R.N., 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Rank's Turkish and Spanish Empires, translated by Kelly, royal 8vo. 3s. swd.—Traditional Nursery Songs of England, with 8 illustrations tinted, square, 2s. 6d. bds.—Cheerful Cherry, or Make the Best of it, by Peter Parley, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Persevere and Prosper, or the Siberian Sable Hunter, by Peter Parley, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Registration of Voters Act, with copious Index, 12mo. 2s. swd.—Drake's Heroes of England, 2nd ed. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Herodotus, with English Notes, by Wheeler, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s. cl.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for MAY, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

MAY.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			Point at 9 A.M., deg. Fahr.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb Thermometer.	External Thermometers.			Rain in inches. Head of at 9 A.M.	Direction of the wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.			Fahrenheit.	Self-registering					
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.					Lowest	Highest				
1843.									9 A.M.	3 P.M.					
M 1	30.130	30.124	72.3	30.146	30.138	59.8	49	07.3	59.8	65.8	52.3	65.0		E	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless—
T 2	30.186	30.180	70.9	30.090	30.082	60.0	51	07.2	59.0	63.3	49.0	67.7		E	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless—
W 3	29.942	29.934	53.6	29.856	29.848	56.7	45	02.3	46.0	60.7	43.7	67.2		E	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind—rain early. P.M. Cloudy—
T 4	29.808	29.800	61.3	29.748	29.740	59.5	50	05.6	58.7	62.6	46.3	62.3	.022	S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind—rain early. P.M. Cloudy—
F 5	29.720	29.712	58.0	29.708	29.700	59.7	52	04.5	56.2	59.8	50.4	64.8	.158	S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind—rain early. P.M. Cloudy—
S 6	29.392	29.384	56.5	29.562	29.556	55.3	51	00.6	47.4	45.8	48.2	62.2	1.133	NNW	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind—rain early. P.M. Cloudy—
○ 7	29.676	29.668	70.3	29.616	29.610	57.0	45	05.1	52.3	54.0	40.3	70.6	.300	S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind—rain early. P.M. Cloudy—
M 8	29.596	29.590	51.4	29.580	29.572	51.8	45	01.8	45.5	46.4	42.3	60.6	.036	NNE	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind—rain early. P.M. Cloudy—
T 9	29.642	29.636	50.3	29.756	29.748	52.8	45	01.6	47.2	52.7	44.2	49.5	.463	N	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind—rain early. P.M. Cloudy—
W 10	30.044	30.036	54.8	30.110	30.102	53.2	46	02.8	50.7	53.7	46.2	54.7		N	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
T 11	30.234	30.226	51.0	30.214	30.206	53.3	45	02.6	49.2	57.4	43.8	56.4		N	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
F 12	30.202	30.196	61.3	30.016	30.008	58.0	47	05.4	56.7	62.6	46.3	61.6		S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
○ 13	29.948	29.940	56.3	29.940	29.934	58.8	51	05.1	56.2	63.2	52.6	66.2	.033	S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
○ 14	29.848	29.840	58.0	29.712	29.708	60.0	50	05.1	56.7	60.4	48.8	64.4		S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
M 15	29.544	29.538	58.0	29.570	29.562	59.7	53	04.2	55.2	58.7	51.0	69.0	.219	S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
T 16	29.432	29.424	57.7	29.458	29.450	58.8	51	03.9	54.8	57.8	50.7	63.5	.100	E	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
W 17	29.518	29.510	56.2	29.594	29.588	58.5	52	02.2	52.2	55.7	51.2	59.3	.063	W	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
T 18	29.850	29.842	53.2	29.888	29.880	54.2	46	02.7	47.7	49.3	45.3	58.6	.283	N	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
F 19	29.928	29.920	52.3	29.932	29.924	54.9	48	02.9	48.3	53.8	46.3	52.0	.080	E	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
S 20	29.884	29.876	58.0	29.836	29.828	56.3	48	05.5	55.0	54.8	49.0	56.3		E	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
○ 21	29.696	29.690	60.4	29.658	29.652	58.5	52	03.5	56.3	60.5	50.8	59.3	.302	S	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
M 22	29.718	29.710	65.4	29.694	29.688	58.7	51	04.9	56.8	57.3	47.8	65.3	.063	SSE	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
T 23	29.750	29.744	57.3	29.718	29.710	58.8	52	05.3	57.5	57.3	51.6	62.2	.086	SSE	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
W 24	29.532	29.524	56.9	29.578	29.570	60.6	54	01.8	54.2	61.8	53.8	62.6	.380	E	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
T 25	29.676	29.668	70.0	29.678	29.670	62.0	53	06.3	59.8	64.3	51.0	73.4		S	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
F 26	29.574	29.568	67.0	29.668	29.660	61.6	55	06.6	60.2	56.3	50.6	68.2		S	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
S 27	29.750	29.742	60.4	29.484	29.478	61.3	55	06.2	59.8	58.3	50.3	65.7	.036	SE	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
○ 28	29.560	29.552	62.0	29.624	29.620	60.0	52	05.8	56.7	55.5	47.8	63.0	.150	S	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
● 29	29.966	29.958	55.6	29.994	29.986	55.0	46	03.9	48.2	48.3	48.2	62.2	.211	E	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
T 30	30.144	30.138	58.7	30.088	30.080	57.6	49	05.8	54.3	60.0	42.3	61.7	.175	E	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
W 31	29.906	29.900	56.8	29.886	29.880	59.2	54	03.7	59.3	65.0	51.7	64.6	.016	SW var.	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
MEAN.	29.800	29.793	59.1	29.787	29.780	57.8	50	04.3	54.1	57.5	48.2	64.3	4.309		{ Mean Barometer corrected { 9 A.M. 3 P.M.
															{ F. 29.723 .. 29.713
															{ C. 29.715 .. 29.705

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Carlsbad, May.

NOTHING is more difficult than to analyze the general impression made on one by the face of a country. We say, without hesitation, that landscape is completely English, this scene is Italian, and so on—and what do we mean? I have, perhaps, suggested the two most strongly characterized of countries. But between France and Germany—between Spain and Italy—how much is there in common, yet how different the total impression! I was set a questioning myself on this subject, when a very clever, discriminating, German friend of mine said to me, while looking down on an extensive view in this neighbourhood, *Es ist nicht einmal deutsch!* (It is not even German.) Nor is it. It is Bohemian. The general impression made by the scenery of Bohemia, spite of some beautiful features, is gloomy—in parts even, as a master in the art of naming called it, “menacing.” Wide sweeps of open arable country, without tree or hedge, and coloured by a pale dingy vegetation, alternate with patches of black pine forest, and, seen from a height, look like the chequers on a chess-board. The whole country is a high and somewhat bleak table-land, the soil often poor-looking, and in parts, as for example between this place and Prague, of a dark red—the most inhospitable-looking piece of earth I ever beheld.

It is almost needless to say, that there are no scattered cottages or farm-houses, since they are among the most characteristic and lovely peculiarities of England, and are rare indeed elsewhere. But the villages along the Rhine are picturesque, and often gay. And the villages in Saxony and Franconia, if neither pretty nor picturesque, are substantial, well built, well kept, durable. The Bohemian villages have more the air of the encampments of a migratory horde, than of the permanent settlements of a long line of cultivators. They are built entirely of wood, roof and all. This, after a time, turns to a cold grey colour, and, unrelieved by any other, is extremely

gloomy. There are no inclosures or fences, no gardens,—here and there a few poor birches. Each cottage stands near its neighbour, cold and naked. This, combined with one's knowledge of the perishable nature of the material and the severity of the climate, produces an impression of dreariness and discomfort. There are none of those accompaniments which cluster round an English cottage, and are comprised within the delightful word *homestead*. Burn down these wooden *barraques*, and there would not be a trace left to mark where men had lived and laboured.

This does not apply to the shores of the Elbe, which are beautiful—though still sadder than the joyous Rhine. I can recollect or imagine few spots in the world more completely beautiful than Tetschen, with its lordly castle, its noble woods, its thriving little town, its ever-busy ferry across the broad river, and its charming distant views. The village of Altstadt, lying behind the pleasure-grounds, and intersected by the bounding little streams that turn its mills, is very picturesque. The cottages are built of wood—but with the broad over-hanging roofs and open galleries of a Swiss cottage. But this is no sample of a Bohemian village. Tetschen, in more respects than this, stands pre-eminent; and not only in Bohemia. But the grandeur and the beauty, which peculiarly characterize it, are not of a kind I shall ever attempt to describe: they belong to another region.

Carlsbad and Toplitz are both extremely pretty in different ways; both abound in beautiful walks; and if Carlsbad, with its mountains, its antique air, and its five centuries of unquestioned renown, is more imposing, Toplitz has advantages of its own. In both, Nature has been skillfully aided. Here the hills, which are about as high as those of South Wales, are so heaped about on all sides of the deep and small valley, and so covered with wood, that after walking miles you are often surprised at hearing the town clock strike as if close to your ear, when you imagine yourself in the depth of the wood. Or perhaps it is the *fanfaron-*

nade—in the more homely German, *das Blasen*, (the blowing of trumpets),—which, from the top of the old tower of the Rathaus announces the arrival of bath guests (*Badegäste*). Here, in the green and silent forest, you may—if you are acquainted with the nicely graduated scale on which the salute is regulated, determine whether it is a *hohe, höchste, or allerhöchste Herrschaft* that is espied descending the long hill; in other words, a humble *Lohnkutsche*, a quiet carriage, extra post, or a stately equipage, with led horses, and the other visible signs of the money of which the good citizens hope to detain a little among them. But, I must say, there is little extortion, and much civility: indeed, after having to deal with the corresponding classes in Dresden and Berlin, where this proposition must be exactly reversed, one feels in heaven. Nothing can be more perfect than the order and decorum enforced by the police, which is rather felt than seen; but this is not all. There is a universal expression of childlike candour and good nature in the faces of the people—especially of the servant-girls, which shows how easy a task their rulers have. Though every house is crowded with strangers, and changes its inmates almost every month, and though the temptations to dishonesty must be frequent and great, yet examples of it are rare. The poor things come from all the country round, to serve during the season, and for such a trifle! This is all they carry back to their poor village for the long dreary winter; yet they are gay, anxious to please, laborious and honest. I confess I stand amazed and humbled before such virtue, as I have often done at home before the virtues of the poor. What a patient, ungrudging, unenvying, temper! What kindness of heart! What constant self-denial! What conscience! The little children are charming. Indeed, all over Germany the babes are a constant subject of wonder and delight to me. One never sees them quarrel. Often and often have I watched groups of poor little children sitting in the dirt, or playing in the streets, and admired for hours the

tranquil, gentle, nature of the little things. No blows, no mischievous tricks, no snatching away things from one another, no screaming. This is so striking to anybody who has seen the violence and cruelty of French children, or the overbearing and quarrelsome propensities of English ones, that it is impossible not to recognize an original difference of blood.

Nothing is more striking in the woods and fields of this country than the absence of animal life. In England we think of a wood as peopled with birds and squirrels; we watch for lizards and field-mice in the hedges and fields; we have motion and sound all around us. The dead stillness of these forests has something awful in it. There are few deciduous trees (*Laubholz*) and no underwood, unless you call so the starved and stunted firs that are extinguished by their more aspiring and bushy neighbours. At this season they are seen to the most advantage, the tender green of the beech and birch, though small in size and quantity, is sufficient to light up the dark masses of pine and fir. The ground is covered with wood anemones (*Windblumen*) and blue hepaticas, and the lilies of the valley are encircling their long leaves. The few singing-birds there are, are vocal; is the cheerful note of the cuckoo is heard, and (but rarely) the persuasive voice of the wood-pigeon, and the plaintive cry of the wood-pecker; but the blackbird and thrush are extremely rare, the nightingale unknown. The difference between these masses of needlewood (*Nadelholz*), as the Germans call all this class of trees, and the rich and varied foliage of an English forest is inconceivable. Even if you were blind you might perceive it. Instead of the soft whispering, or the deep murmur, of our woods, these send forth a sharp rushing sound; and, if the wind is high, you hear the long pendant cones swing heavily together at the tree tops. These, too, are beautiful sounds, but they are not, I think, so soothing as the thick rustling leaves of our woods: or is it the voice of the Fatherland that speaks in them?

Certain it is, that the beauty of England strikes me more and more, the longer my absence, the wider the comparison with other countries. I could make a list of beauties entirely characteristic, and resembling nothing I have seen elsewhere. Where, for instance, can one find a "green" such as is to be found in hundreds of villages in the least picturesque parts of England? the clear pond on a gravelly bottom, the group of large old elms or limes, or now and then huge arbutos, on one side of it. It is a hot day, and the cattle are standing under the trees, or knee deep in the pond—the cattle are doing as they like—show me that here. I see only unhappy creatures, led by a halter, or driven, and watched by boys, the necessary consequence of the want of hedges and inclosures. Then there is a weary donkey-mother reposing, and her child in the wantonness of untiring youth, frisking away its superfluous activity. There are our neighbour's two or three pigs, another's geese, and all without the swineherd or goose-girl, indispensable ministers of this lower police. Then the cottages dotted round the green, each with its garden—the wheelright's shed and yard—the blacksmith's cheerful forge—the winding path to the church and churchyard (here are burial grounds, but no churchyards). Who does not see at once all these features, and many more, so common as hardly to attract attention? Yet how infinitely charming does the picture seem to me now! How cheerful, how satisfying to the eye and heart. How can I recall all the objects which one misses: hedges, with all their beautiful variety of vegetation and hedgerow trees—whether the trim hawthorn hedges and the primrose covered banks of the East of England, or the high stone fences, clothed with the richest variety of ferns, cistus, and creeping plants of the West—winding roads, the grand secret for multiplying all the beauties of a country—single cottages—who does not remember the cottage at a turn in the road, or at the corner of a lane, (*a lane*, for which I know no equivalent word in any language), which made one long to live there? The neat garden full of flowers of the best sort, the bee-hives, the tame jackdaw, the snow-white cat basking in the sun, the eager happy grunt heard from the inoffensive pig-stye at the back, the one huge umbrageous sycamore, the wall, the white paling, or the clipped hedge. I shall not speak of parks and country-houses, and plantations: their celebrity is established. But where can I find a Suffolk upland

meadow, golden with cowslips? or a heath fragrant with yellow furze, or purple with heath-flowers? or a tranquil river, covered in a summer's evening with boats rowed by the lads of the near town? or a common, with the village lads playing cricket? or cattle in a field, knee deep in the grass? It is not her castles and palaces, matchless though they be, but the humble and every day beauties of England which recur to the fancy, or rather to the heart, of her absent children, as objects still more of affection than of admiration. No country, of which I have any knowledge, furnishes anything like the same number of spots in which one silently exclaims, "Here I should like to live." There is nothing that I have seen approaching to the vegetation of England. It is not only the majestic masses of verdure to which no other trees can compare, but there is an universal bounteousness and abundance of animal and vegetable life, such as I have seen nowhere else. Nature, so prolific there, here seems struck with comparative barrenness. One who had beheld her only here, could never imagine the rich profusion of field flowers, the size and vigour of every plant and tree with which she adorns England. Nothing is more common throughout Germany than an avenue of horse-chestnuts, yet, even on the Rhine, it would take at least four full grown ones to make up one of the giants at Hampton Court, whose broad park and pyramids of blossom must now be in full beauty. Enough enough, enough. I shall seem, and be, unjust. There is plenty in Germany to like, to admire, to love, to revere. She can show to damp and dewy England her many-voiced groves, and her flowery meadows, and her awful trees. I ought to add, that I have not seen the oaks of Westphalia, nor the verdure of Styria. What Bohemia wants is a river, a river of her own. The Elbe has too many masters. It grieves an English heart to see this fine stream spoiled for want of a little good training. Wordsworth's line in his noble sonnet on the Thames—

"The river windeth at its own sweet will,"

is as false as it is beautiful. The Thames has vastly little of its own will, and, like many other people, is all the better and the handsomer for it. Even the noble Rhine, giant as he is, may say, with M. de Lamartine, that Prussia presses heavily upon him. Her banks and walls and dams contain the outbreaks even of a will like his. If you have a mind to see what a river is when he has his will, you must "sit," as the Germans placidly call it, twenty-four hours on the wide and sandy shallows, between Hamburg and Magdeburg, or, still better, lie encamped in the pestiferous swamps of Servia. A secure, cheap, and easy navigation, from Hamburg to Prague, would be productive of the greatest advantages to Germany, and, among other things, would make Dresden the little Queen her situation fits her to become.

THE EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT MASTERS, PAUL MALL.

THE Exhibition of Ancient Masters, so called, is now open, and verifies our programme given several weeks since (*ante*, p. 392), there being one saloon devoted to pictures veritably antique, another to the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a third to those of various painters deceased, with the addition of two works by Foreign Artists, which may well come under this latter class, according to the true poetical fiction, that

Death and Distance differ but in name!

As a general character of the present exhibition, we would pronounce it above par: the Reynolds selection is superb, the Old Masters furnish forth a respectable array, whilst a third-proportional term of praise, on the downward scale, must suffice for the miscellaneous assemblage of Modern Antiques. Although this last-named department comprises some few capital specimens, its weakness was, no doubt, felt by the Directors, who have therefore, probably, added the outlandish curiosities as makeweights, and thus, at least, increased its interest, if not much enhanced its lustre. But of these hereafter. Shall we venture to observe, that the patriotism which suggested the annual exhibition of Ancient Pictures seems, now-a-days, somewhat on the wane. We almost fear it will soon be, like changeable Cynthia,

Hidden in its vacant interlunar cave,

or, perhaps, appear no more: such is the usual fate

of all patriotisms after their kind; when they have set the whole land ablaze with their youthful ferour, "out goes the candle, and we are left darkling!" Or should we rather hint a suspicion that Public Taste itself is the real defalcator? Both causes may unite to produce the falling-off we deplore: proprietors may begrudge the trouble and expense which attends the transmission, to and fro, of their fine and fragile antiques; these, on the other hand, may have lost their popularity along with their novelty. We apprehend this last mentioned cause is a prime one, and regret it should be so, as nothing affords stronger evidence against Public Taste than its morbid and ravenous appetite for ever-new excitement. An irrefragable test of genuine taste is the power to review, again and again, the same master-piece, not with undiminished, but with augmented pleasure. Archbishop Leighton concludes, justly and profoundly, that those alone are pious at heart who feel a fresh interest every time they rehearse the commonest rubric prayer: we would generalize this maxim, and exact continued worship of *all things good*, in sacred or profane literature, in divine or human production, in the humblest or the highest pursuits, in the whole world of taste spiritual, moral, mental, or material. Let any one, for instance, cast upon the *Titian* here exhibited, however familiar to him, a lack-lustre eye, we pronounce him no true lover of art, but of idle sights and gape-seed! It is the grand luminary of the middle saloon; and though it appeared not long since, much better placed, and its marvellous nature more visible, we welcome it again as stargazers would a comet of brief periodic revolution. We consider this allegorical representation of Human Life among the most beautiful silent poems ever composed—an *Idyllium* written in colours that sets *Titian* on a level with Theocritus. Indeed, the modern Venetian *Doricizes* almost like an ancient Sicilian—no painter beside half so well, not even Giorgione himself. But lest an over-practical age should deem us visionaries, we cut short our panegyric, and refer to *Athenæum*, No. 449, for other details, merely remarking how rich a source of suggestion broad and general treatment becomes, where the spectator's imagination is led up to just the right point, and left. Defacement itself, by the hand of Time, may be advantageous, when it rubs out the minutiae which peg our minds down upon the particular scene, and limit them, like carpets, to its exact dimensions. Let us, however, as a proof we are unprejudiced, notice a fault in this painting—the foreground figures seem too large for the landscape—an error, if one, that reveals, we think, *Titian's* middle or *Giorgionesque* period. Amongst several other pictures which Lord Francis Egerton contributes, albeit none approaches the *Titian* within a whole diameter of the grand style, yet some possess great merit. No. 77, a 'Female Procession,' has much old-fashioned beauty of movement and attitude, but we can by no means recognize the powerful draughtsman *Baldassare Peruzzi* in those feeble traits and contours, nor such a skilful architect in the violent perspective of the Temple. 'Portrait of Velasquez,' No. 83, we have elsewhere discussed (*ante*, p. 368), and find our opinions confirmed on a second view of it; so united a touch and honey-sweet a tone do not at all characterize Velasquez. The pair of Bridgewater 'Haycarts,' by *Wouvermans*, are well known little pendants—one, No. 67, a pearl; its companion, No. 65, mother-of-pearl, at least we think it the less valuable. The *Dulwich Wouvermans*, No. 75, is also an exquisite piece of manipulation, and modulation in the key of silver-grey colour. Lord Zetland's large *Wouvermans*, No. 96, deserves little praise, but exhibits the prevalent Dutch taste for what comes home to men's business and bosoms, depicting a sort of Macheath attack upon baggage-waggons and soldiers' trulls by way of a 'Battle-piece!' Mr. Holford, we must admit, proves himself worthy to be a collector by his readiness to be an exhibitor; his noble *Cyp* perhaps ranks next after the *Titian* in this saloon, and his *Fandervelde* would take a high station anywhere. The former production, like Pompey's statue, was sacrilegiously sawn asunder, but an adroit hand has soldered both halves together with such religious care, that St. Dionysius himself, when decapitated, did not weld his head better upon his shoulders; scarce a mark remains visible even through the microscope, none whatever to the naked eye, unless very micro-

scopic, and one magnificent 'View of Dort' results from the two previous moieties. These we noticed at Lady Stuart's sale (*Athen.* No. 708), and though they are improved by their junction, we see little need to amend our opinion then given. Vandervelde's 'Marine,' No. 102, might challenge Neptune's court-painter to surpass it; the men-of-war are first-rate, the small craft models, the wilderness of water, rising into white-crested ridges, wears, what an ancient Greek poet denominates, a face of "multitudinous laughter." * grim withal, as becomes our northern ocean. For the 'Breeze,' which names this picture, it tells itself through all the details: up aloft it stretches the flags stiff and smooth like vanes, it shakes the streamer beneath loosely; here the heavier yards flap and fold themselves, or a large hulk takes the wind from a vessel's canvas under her lee; there every ship with her petticoats swelled out according to the quantum of air they catch, treads her ruffled path along, swift or slow, upright, oblique, or prone to "kiss her burial." Vandervelde's manipulative power by long practice reached a perfection almost as self-resemblant as stereotype; no artist paints spray so well, or foam, or the flood when it seethes round a vessel's course, except Copley Fielding, and water-colours much facilitate imitation of water. In the works of both we may find Spenser's fictitious description realized—

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship, as through them she went—

where "wondered Argo" to Sir Guyon's astonishment cleaves her way amidst mimic surges across the enchantress's ivory palace-gate. Another *Cuyp*, which belongs to the Duke of Bedford, displays singular and superlative merit: 'Fishing under the Ice,' No. 119. It has but one fault—such a glow of sunlight would melt a glacier, and almost set the river beneath a-fire. This, however, serves to disprove a very specious doctrine now preached up, because popular taste can just relish it, viz. that "truth to Nature" constitutes the supreme excellence of Art: for many works are transcendent, though they want the said characteristic. *Cuyp*, one would think, must have painted in a "vehicle" of molten diamonds to produce such transparency as his glittering floods set before us: here his mirror of ice resembles the diamond-liquefaction consolidated again, with an amber tinge to vary, but not diminish, its clearness. The Dutch no poets forsooth! when *Cuyp* could idealize raw atmosphere and reeky canals into scenes quite Elysian—this one may be imagined a "field of yellow apophel" laid by the River of Bliss under water. Fishermen and their wives, indeed, bring us back to hell upon earth, but the brine looks so warm and lucid, we only wonder they do not lie down amidst the delicious ooze. Assuredly they can catch nothing except gold and silver fish, and electrical rays, and mermaids with micaceous shagreen tails? We have seldom seen a Claude that bewitched us more. His Grace of Bedford likewise contributes an admirable *Teniers*, No. 118, the 'Village Fête': it represents a Flemish "Camacho's Wedding," with immense copper flesh-pots ranged on the turf, from which Sancho would much rather have fished up whole boiled fowls and cabbages, than rays ever so electrifying, or mermaids ever so micaceous from the Lake of Brightness aforesaid: doubtless both Cervantes and *Teniers* pictured the rural hospitality common in their times. This animated landscape is remarkable for its fine ordonnance, the groups, single figures, prominent objects, accessories, foreground middle and remote details, are disposed scientifically, and graded as distinctively as connectedly—a kind of perspective runs throughout their character as well as position. The colouring we think rather cold and the touch too opaque; perhaps it may have been over-scrubbed by the pictorial charr-man, and thus lost its silverness and soft grey mellowness of effect. The Bedford *Paul Potter*, No. 114, is, contrariwise, much oilier than most works by that artist; for example, Mr. Hope's pair have a dry granular texture, which harmonizes well with the painter's sterility of subject, and helps to give it character. Sterility has its character, nay, even its half-starved beauties; the barren moor brings forth, though but furze, fern,

rush-grass, and such desolate offspring. Potter's mind, if not fertile of ideas, was full of one idea, and this overflowed through one vent in one channel; hence the strong current and its steadiness. No. 89, 'Landscape with Figures,' is richer of details than Paul's usual specimens; the distant meadow and its quiet herd of cattle at graze, forms a beautiful little landscape in itself—a miniature Claude; the figures on the foreground, animal and human, are graphic as Bamboccio's, and vigorously touched as any by Velasquez, and tell a humorous tale, as well as those of a Wilkie, whose eyes would have melted into laughter at that "bit of the naked" which the clambering equestrian exposes unawares to his assistant. No. 87, 'Cattle in a Storm,' approaches the sublime: it is not every low horizontal line which gives such elevation of character: and what a hurricane has just swept over the hill-top, with what a fierce whirl the storm gathers up its dark skirts, and disappears! Potter was a poet after all in his own rigid, jejune way. No. 66, a fine wild 'Landscape,' from Sir Thomas Baring's collection, does ample credit to the name of *Rembrandt*, yet has an air both like and unlike his manner; its deep powerful impasto and clotted touch bespeak him; but a caveat might be entered on the score of certain peculiarities, if it were worth while discussing who painted a good picture. Lord Pembroke's *Rubens*, a 'Group of Children,' No. 81, has various rivals to contest with for precedence, as the only true original: one at Vienna we thought looked genuine, another at Berlin seemed a respectable pretender. The composition beyond all doubt is *Rubens*'s, and the colouring is, to say the least, his inspiration. *Vandyke*'s 'Lady and Child,' No. 80, lent by Lord Alford, was in the Exhibition of 1836: we shall not reiterate our praises so soon, but point attention to it again. No. 101, 'Head of an Old Man,' more pensive and pink-complexioned than *Rembrandt*'s portraits commonly are; the head itself capital, the hands feeble and too ill-drawn even for this licentious draughtsman. No. 78, 'View of a Dutch Town,' by *Vanderheyden*, very rich and mellow, and not very elaborate for him: it is from Apsley House; we wish the thrice-famed *Correggio* and *Velasquez* there, were not built into the walls, and thus rendered unluckily irremovable to the British Institution. There are still three antiquated pictures, of which some little mention may be allowed us: first, one by our old favourite, *Francia*, No. 109, a 'Madonna and Child and Saints,' in this, expression and feeling triumph over all the faults of mechanism; and if alone considered, over all the mechanic beauties of the collection put together. Look at the tenderness and grave sweetness of that maternal Virgin's countenance—at the delicate pressure with which she dares to support the infant limbs of her awful Son—at the scarce perceptible light of that smile with which she betrays her love for him! Observe the childish Instructor of Man already beginning his Mission—the earnest yet calm devotion of his sainted Auditors! Tell us, ye critics and connoisseurs, ye picture-makers and picture-mongers, how much "brilliant effect"—"fine dash of pencil"—"delicious flesh-tint"—how much glaze, varnish, and scumble work, ever so adroit, would outweigh the moral and intellectual qualities we have mentioned? But we do not quote *this* as a first-rate *Francia*, either Old or Young: it seems one of the numerous repetitions which some excellent prototype brought into request. Its proprietor is the Right Hon. T. Frankland Lewis: Lewis of Bavaria would feel proud to be so. No. 86, 'Mary Queen of England,' by *Lucas de Heere*, a miniature portrait in oils, equal to Holbein: the green velvet background looks veritable "three-piled," and soft as a linnet's plumage; ill-favoured Mary becomes charming by force of the beautiful delineation—perhaps paint never improved a woman's face in any other way: we have here the mind of the artist superadded to that of the Royal Sitter; and both spoken out with the clearest tone, with the most expressive plainness. If this indeed resembled Mary, we cannot much wonder at the Lotherianism of Philip! (It we mean the picture) belongs to the Rev. Henrice Finch, who lends another work by *De Heere*, 'Frances Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, and her second husband, Adrian Stoke,' No. 94, which possesses great interest, but less artistic merit. It once adorned Strawberry Hill. The remaining Saloons next week.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Architectural Drawings.

For private residences in various styles, chiefly, however, Gothic and Elizabethan, there are many designs, but not one of striking character, and some of those of most pretension, at least in point of size, display the least study and the least taste. Modern "Castles," of which we here meet with one or two, have, almost inevitably, a lack-a-daisical, bandbox sort of expression about them; and even when free from architectural faults, have generally a sneaking littleness peeping out from beneath their assumed stateliness. Castles are a class of buildings which should be left untouched by matter-of-fact people, who have no suspicion that such subjects require to be treated with grandeur of conception and manner, a sort of epic dignity, qualities totally independent of style. After which remark, it may perhaps seem somewhat inconsistent to point out for approbation No. 1331, 'Model of Wadhurst Castle, Sussex, showing the alterations now nearly completed,' E. B. Lamb, whose title of 'Castle' sits, it must be confessed, rather awkwardly upon it. For that misnomer, however, the present architect is not responsible; and a shocking misnomer it was when applied to the original—a sample of the "castellated style" in fashion some fifty or sixty years ago. As a sketch of that original is affixed to the model, we can the better appreciate what has been done by Mr. Lamb; and if he has not exactly triumphed over the old proverbial impossibility, and made the silk-purse, &c. he has converted an ugly house, of nondescript physiognomy, into a pleasing specimen of domestic Gothic—well considered in its details, picturesque as a composition, compact in plan, yet varied in its masses,—and, not its least merit, having the look of a comfortable, though but moderate-sized residence. There are but two other models; for though models would perhaps be more generally interesting and instructive to the public than mere drawings, they are always scarce at the Academy. Considering the greater cost, their rarity is not to be wondered at; but it is strange that when executed they should not be exhibited. We some time ago saw a model, upon a large scale, of the portico of the Royal Exchange, as improved upon from the first design, and expected to have had an opportunity of examining it again at the following Exhibition, but were disappointed: so it has proved with regard to one of the buildings for the Assize Courts and St. George's Hall, at Liverpool. However, No. 1290 does show us the interior of St. George's Hall, and a very tasteful composition it is, combining, happily, some of the leading merits of Grecian, Roman, and Italian design—the refinement and simplicity of the first, with the grandeur of the second, and the play and picturesque effect of the third. Although it is not attractive as a drawing, wanting the flattery of colour to recommend it, it is, in our opinion, one of the redeeming points in the architectural room. No. 1322, 'Perspective View of the Central Hall in a Mansion now erecting for the Earl of Egremont, at Silverton Park, Devonshire,' J. T. Knowles, is another interior, far more showy in appearance, which deserves notice; and there is also an exterior view of the same mansion (No. 1162), but it was unfortunately placed so high as to preclude examination.

No. 1197, 'Design for an Alteration of the National Gallery, by effecting, at a small outlay, a more imposing Elevation to this Edifice,' D. Mocatta, is, of course, a mere project on the part of its author, who, although he may be admitted to have here suggested improvement in regard to the centre, which he renders a bolder and loftier architectural mass, has been by no means happy in the rest of the facade. He would, doubtless, have succeeded better had he attended to that excellent precept in culinary philosophy, which says, "Roast your pig well at both ends, and the middle will roast itself." So far from either the style or the character being consistently kept up throughout, there is, in both respects, great inequality; so that as a composition it is strangely defective—looks finished only in parts, and merely sketched in, in others, which have been left for after-consideration. As to the "small outlay," it seems to us that it would amount to rather a large sum; but it will be time enough to inquire into its exact amount when there is a chance of the project being adopted.

* We enfeeble the boldest, yet truest, metaphor extant—

Ποτῶν τε κρητῶν
Ἀνθρώπων γέλασμα.

Æchylus.

Of subjects in the Italian style there are but few, nor are any of them particularly good. Two drawings, however, deserve notice as making us acquainted with two structures designed by an English architect, and now, it appears, actually in progress in the Turkish capital, viz. No. 1166, 'The Ambassador's Palace now erecting for her Majesty's government at Constantinople,' and No. 1342 'Cavalry Hospital, now erecting for his Imperial Highness the Sultan,' both from the designs of W. J. Smith. These are large masses of building, but with so little distinctive character, that the one might almost be mistaken for the other; and though fair samples of the style, they are so rather negatively than positively, since no fresh ideas of any value are brought forward in them. For one building which is to be in this style, there are two different designs, both of which are described as intended for execution: No. 1241, 'Design for the Colchester Town Hall to be erected from the designs, and under the superintendence of R. Brandon and J. Blore;' and No. 1249, 'Design for the new Town Hall, Colchester, adopted by the committee for erection,' R. Brandon. Which of these statements is to be trusted—which of the designs is the "real Simon Pure," we cannot say, and perhaps even the committee themselves may as yet be unable to tell, for after they had settled the matter once, they unsettled all; therefore such may prove the case again. Of the designs before us, we should give the preference to 1249—which, strange to say, looks very like twin brother to one we remember, by a different party, for the same building. However, there is no accounting for such curious resemblances.

No. 1259, 'Design for Street Architecture,' A. Batson, convicts us of precipitancy in the remark we made just now, it being a most singular study of the Italian style, and no less singular as an architectural drawing—an *extravaganza*, but one that affords evidence of poetic conceptions. As to Street Architecture, however, we suspect that it is neither accommodated to the new Building Act, nor at all calculated for the latitude of London. It is far too monumental and gigantic in style for us Londoners—far too heroic and energetic. The details are left to the imagination rather than defined, and there is much to excite the imagination, and for it to work upon afterwards;—which is more than can always be said of things that are even better in themselves. With this remark we will close our survey of the Architectural Room.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

AMONG the many attempts which have been recently made to give an impulse to the drama, a spirited measure has been adopted by Mr. Webster, the lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, who has offered, for the encouragement of dramatic literature, the sum of 500*l.* for the best modern comedy, illustrative, in plot and character, of British manners and customs. The prize is to be awarded by a committee of dramatic authors (not competitors), dramatic critics, and actors (male and female), to be named by Mr. Webster.—Mr. Webster to have the casting vote, if necessary. The award is to be made on the 1st of January, 1844. Besides the amount of the prize, Mr. Webster offers a third of the proceeds on the 20th, 40th, and 60th nights of representation. The success of this particular speculation will, of course, depend, in a great measure, not only on the impartial character of the tribunal which may have to try the candidates for the prize, but on their impartial attitude before the public; and though it could scarcely be expected that the casting vote should be lodged elsewhere than with him who has to pay the money, and produce the successful play on the stage, yet that circumstance, added to the fact, that all the members of the committee are to be chosen by Mr. Webster himself, scarcely offers such guarantees for a judgment on high principles as will attract competitors of the best class, and satisfy the public. It is, of course, not pretended that Mr. Webster has not a right to attach such conditions as he pleases to a prize proposed and paid by himself, but our remarks have application to the more general bearings of this scheme on dramatic literature. The experiment is one in which the public are likely to take interest, and which, if well and successfully conducted, may have consequences, as an example, far beyond what it can have in itself. It is clear enough, that no solitary stimulant of this kind can do

much for the restoration of a National Drama that needs stimulants at all; but it is a step in the right direction, so far as an individual can walk it alone. That there is no lack of candidates for success in dramatic literature, our columns furnish abundant proof; though they are, for the most part, not of the order to which it is worth while applying stimulants of any kind. But the reward which Mr. Webster offers is a liberal one, and if he can succeed in satisfying the public that his judges are likely to be "men of worship" and critical integrity, it may well be hoped that the motives which he offers, coming in aid of others more spiritual, will set some of the highest talent among us at work, and produce, for the honour of our stage and literature, and for his especial and merited profit, a good English comedy.

Meanwhile Mr. Macready is about to abandon old Drury and the Tragic Drama to the fate that has been long impending over them: he has resigned the management, after a four years' trial of both the patent theatres; having added his quota of loss to the heaps of capital which have been buried in these mausolea of the Muses. He performs on Monday "for the last time in London, for a considerable period," say the bills; and the expression is construed into an intimation of his intention to visit America; however this may be, the public will be sure to flock to Drury Lane, to give a hearty farewell greeting to the first actor of his day, and the manager who has exerted himself so zealously to encourage the modern drama, and to improve the representation of Shakspeare's plays. The experiment of upholding the legitimate drama by means of the patent monopoly and huge houses has been fairly tried, and proved an utter failure; if Mr. Macready could not succeed with all his qualifications and advantages, what hope is there that any one else will be more fortunate? Adventurous speculators may be found, but under the present state of things permanent success is impossible.

Papers throwing, it is said, much new light on the subject of Shakspeare and his family, have lately been transmitted from Warwickshire for the use of the Shakspeare Society, and been submitted by the Council to Sir F. Madden and Mr. Bruce, who have undertaken to edit and superintend the publication of them. They establish, according to report, that John Shakspeare, the poet's father, could not write his name, as several of his warrants, as Justice of the Peace and Bailiff of Stratford, are subscribed with a cross, purporting to be the mark of John Shakspeare. Malone's conjecture, that the branch of the family which settled at Stratford, came from Snitterfield, is also confirmed. There are several papers relating to the poet, with regard to the purchase of the tithes of Stratford, the quantity of land he possessed there, and other points of more or less interest.

The Cambridge papers mention that the Fitzwilliam Syndicate have reported to the Senate that—"Deeming it advisable, in conformity with the opinion of Mr. Basevi, to proceed with the execution of the remaining works, they have procured from him designs, and an estimate for completing the interior of the Museum, and preparing it for the reception of the collection. It appears that the Fitzwilliam funds, which are now, or will before the end of next year become available for this purpose, fall short of the whole amount of the estimate by a sum which may be calculated at 12,000*l.* The Syndicate, notwithstanding this deficiency, think it desirable that the interior of the Museum should be completed as an entire work rather than in detached portions. They therefore beg leave to suggest to the Senate, as the best mode of providing for such a deficiency, that a loan of 12,000*l.* be raised by bonds under the seal of the University; the interest thereon to be paid, and the bonds themselves to be redeemed, by the surplus income of the Fitzwilliam fund in subsequent years."

A discovery has been made at the Royal Library, in Paris, of the original text of the Declaration of the Clergy of France, adopted in the General Assembly of the year 1682, which is the charter of the Gallican Church. The declaration in question was drawn up by Bossuet, signed by all the bishops, and was burnt at Rome by order of the Pope. Speaking of Bibliographic rarities, we may mention a curious acquisition recently made by the Public Library of Rouen—a collection formed after thirty years labour, by a M. Leber, of all the playing cards

which have been manufactured in every age and country since their invention. The origin of playing-cards has been assigned to the reign of Charles VI., but this collection carries it further back. It is curious to see the strange forms which patient inquiry will take when it has once got the upper hand.

The editor of 'The Story-Teller,' who first preferred the charges against Mrs. Sigourney (see *ante*, p. 340) has replied to the statement put forth by Mrs. Sigourney or her friends, and lately published in this journal (*ante*, p. 488). He avows that he "cannot comprehend" how Mrs. Southey could have written such a letter as that quoted by Mrs. Sigourney, and admits that "if, as such a letter would seem to imply" there was no interpolation, he will make the *amende* with frankness and promptitude; but he repeats that the charge rests "on the authority of Mrs. Southey's own hand-writing," and he calls on Mrs. Sigourney to produce the original letter. This is not quite fair. It is obvious that Mrs. Sigourney must not part with the letter; her vindication rests on it; neither can it be necessary to send for evidence across the Atlantic. In truth we cannot but believe that our contemporary has been imposed on; that there has been double dealing somewhere—and he may think so too after reading the following paragraph, which we copy from the *Scotsman*.—"We have had submitted to us a correspondence between Mrs. Southey and a party resident in Edinburgh, in which Mrs. Southey distinctly disclaims any participation in the authorship of the article in question, or knowledge of the source whence it originated. It is satisfactory to the friends of Mrs. Sigourney to know that the paragraph '*annoyed as much as it surprised Mrs. Southey, and that the opinion expressed by that estimable lady—who, we presume, is best qualified to form a judgment in the case—is as favourable as could be desired, and directly opposed to the misrepresentations recently circulated.*' Our objection of course holds against the publication of such a letter under any circumstances, and we hinted as much from the first; but it was only when we were informed of the manner in which the letter had been obtained—that it had been interpolated—and of Mrs. Southey's objection to the publication, or as it is called her "unmitigated pain and astonishment," that we offered a word of censure.

The Conservators of the Royal Library at Munich—a vast collection, as many of our readers know, which consists of upwards of 500,000 printed volumes (pamphlets, it is said, not included) and 10,000 manuscripts—have been, since the 1st of May, engaged in its removal to the palace lately built for its reception. This operation, which many looked upon as necessarily a work of years, has been so simplified by the arrangements of the Conservators, that it is now hoped it may be completed by the end of July, and the public, it is expected, will be admitted to the new building early in August.

The weight of metal given by Government, from the cannon captured by the Hero of Waterloo, to the Committee for directing the execution of the city monument to that chief, amounts, it appears, to about nineteen tons; and about five tons only being required for the special purpose for which the grant was made, two bodies have made application to the City Committee for the surplus, to be applied in the completion of kindred works. The Duke of Rutland has addressed them to that effect, on behalf of the Committee for the erection of the equestrian statue to the Duke, which is to be placed over the triumphal arch in Piccadilly; urging with some plausibility, that the metal, which is the produce of his Grace's own victories, has an especially appropriate application to the Monuments which are intended to commemorate them: and Sir George Cockburn has advanced the claims of the Committee for the erection of the Nelson Monument, which it is still insinuated will be one day completed, in Trafalgar Square. A meeting was held on Saturday last, at the Mansion House, of the noblemen and gentlemen connected with the management of the City statue, for the purpose of hearing the arguments of the respective applicants; but no decision was then come to, the meeting having been adjourned till that day fortnight, when it is promised that an answer shall be returned.

Complaisance, and our critical devoir, led us to visit what the Catalogue describes as "an interesting

Collection of Marble Groups, Statues, and Busts, formerly part of the Gallery at Dresden." Very interesting we did not find it, but curious beyond all imagination: such a collection of "curiosities" has seldom met our eyes, which have had some experience in like matters. The most curious point about it, however, is, that it stood *bona fide* for sale last Wednesday, at No. 11, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square!

The thing we know is neither rich nor rare, But wonder how the devil it got there!

Of a truth we are lost in amazement at the simplicity which could ship so much limestone lumber (except as ballast), to be carried all the way from Dresden across half the continent and the whole German Ocean, to London! Was it thought we had not "curiosities" enough of our own—did the proprietor never hear of a certain collection, meriting that denomination, with a certain venerable Abbey? We give an adequate idea of the Davies-Street Marbles, when we say they are exact pendants for those gems of precious sculpture—the Westminster Monuments. Who may have purchased them, is to us unknown and un conjecturable—we hope not the Dean and Chapter for additional grotesques wherewith to adorn their most Gothic surbuses! They once decorated, we are told, the *Grosse Garten* Palace of Friedrich August, and truly they do exhibit the taste which distinguishes garden-statuary and the palatial baroque-magnificence of that time. Yucatan sculpture is Attic in comparison. As this collection has doubtless been disposed of—to the lime-burner if no one else—our critique will not injure the quondam proprietor, but even though it should, we are bound by our office to put the "Isle of Gulls" on its guard against other decoys like the above-mentioned. To conclude, however, *con bocca dolce*, there were three small articles—Boy Figures—which have merit, being apparent copies after Algardi. A bust called "Diomedes" also exhibits some character, but not the right one, being modern German instead of ancient Greek.

The monument erected at Inspruck to the memory of the Tyrolese who perished in defence of their country, from 1796 to the end of the war, was inaugurated on the 7th ult., in the presence of the Archduke John. It consists of a white marble sarcophagus, against which are piled arquebuses and swords, entwined with laurels. It is supported on each side by winged figures, representing the guardian angels of Austria and the Tyrol, indicated by shields, with the armorial bearings of the two countries. In front is the Angel of Death, with a tablet, on which is engraved, "Absorpta est mors in victoriam." (Death is swallowed up in victory). The whole is surmounted by a cross of white marble.

A monument is about to be erected at Würzburg, to the memory of the celebrated Minnesinger, of that city, Walter Van der Vogelweide. Its execution is intrusted to the sculptor Halbig. The monument will represent birds feeding from a vessel, having reference to Walter's strange will, that four holes might be made in his grave-stone, that the birds might drink daily from them: hence his name, Van der Vogelweide, "he of the bird pasture."

The following are the subjects for prizes announced last week by the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. For 1844—"What are the modes of paying rent at present employed in France? and what is the influence of each of these modes of payment on agricultural prosperity?" For 1845—"What influence do civilization and a taste for material comforts exercise on the morality of a people?" also, "To determine the general facts which regulate the connexion between profits and salaries," and "to trace the history of the States-General of France from 1380 to 1614; to point out the motives of their convocation, the manner of their deliberations, and the extent of their power; to determine the differences which have existed in this respect between them and the Parliaments of England, and to show the causes which prevented them from becoming, like the latter, a regular institution of the ancient monarchy." For 1846—"To draw a comparison between the morality of agricultural labourers and the manufacturing classes." A prize is also to be given for the following subject—"A description of the formation of the monarchical administration from Philip-Augustus to Louis XIV. inclusively." The Academy proposes for the quinquennial prize of 5,000 fr., founded by Baron Felix de Beaujour—"To

state what are the most useful applications that can be made of the principle of voluntary and private association for the alleviation of distress."

The papers announce the death of Mr. W. H. Pine, which took place on the 29th of May, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Pine was a contributor to several literary periodicals, and the author of 'Wine and Walnuts,' a gossiping anecdotic book of some repute in its day, 'The Costume of Great Britain,' 'The Microcosm,' and other works.

Letters from Cairo, of the 10th ult., mention that Dr. Lepsius was quite recovered, that he and his party had removed to the Fayoum, and would proceed to Thebes in about a month or six weeks.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN. Admission (from 8 o'clock till 7), 1s. Catalogue, 1s. HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL. THE GALLERY FOR THE EXHIBITION AND SALE OF THE WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS IS OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THIS SOCIETY IS NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 33, FILL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 till dusk, daily. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

EXHIBITION OF SIR GEORGE HAYTER'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, painted on 179 square feet of canvas, and containing portraits of all the Members of Parliament, also a portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and various other scenes, forming a collection of more than 800 portraits of eminent personages of the present day. Open from 10 till dusk.—At the Egyptian-hall, Piccadilly. Admission, 1s.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK. JUST OPENED, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME at Paris, with effects of Sunset and Moonlight, painted by M. REVOUX, and the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, near Rome, before and after its destruction by Fire, painted by M. BOUTON. Open from Ten till Five.

Cabul will shortly be Closed.

PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE. THE VIEW OF CABUL, and the surrounding country, embracing the Hindoo Koshi, the Khurd Cabul Pass, Bala Hisar, British Cantonments, Tomb of Timour Shah, with Portraits of Dost Mahomed, Mahomed Akbar Khan, and the splendid costume of the Natives, will be closed in a few weeks. EDINBURGH AND BADEN BADEN still continue open.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A LECTURE on this subject, illustrated by MODELS of several kinds, which elevate themselves by MECHANICAL FORCE alone, is delivered at Two o'clock daily, and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at Eight o'clock. The Exhibition of the COLOSSAL ELECTRICAL MACHINE, the DIVER, DIVING BELL, NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, and the other varied and instructive Objects of the Institution continue as usual. The original CRAYON DRAWINGS, from the CARTOONS at HAMPTON COURT, by the late Mr. Holloway, with numerous other WORKS of ART, have recently been placed in the Gallery.—Admission, One Shilling. Schools, Half-price. Open Mornings and Evenings, except Saturday Evening.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Since our last report, J. Miller, Esq., H. W. Blake, Esq., J. Heygate, M.D., have been elected Fellows, and the following papers read, viz.—

'Researches into the Structure and Development of a newly discovered parasitic Animalcule of the Human Skin, the *Entozoon folliculorum*.' By E. Wilson, Esq.

'On Factorial Expressions, and the Summation of Algebraic Series.' By W. Tate, Esq.—This paper, which is wholly analytical, contains an investigation of certain general methods for the summation of algebraic series, which have led the author to the discovery of some curious and elegant propositions relative to factorials and the decomposition of fractions; and also to a new demonstration of Taylor's theorem.

'Notice of the Comet;' in a Letter from Captain J. Grover, dated from Pisa, March 21st, 1843.

'Variation de la Déclinaison et Intensité Horizontales Magnétiques observées à Milan pendant vingt-quatre heures consécutives le 18 et 19 Janvier, et le 20 et 25 Février, 1843.' Par C. Carlini.

'On the general and minute Structure of the Spleen in Man and other Animals.' By W. J. Evans, M.D.

'On the Structure and Development of the Nervous and Circulatory Systems, and on the existence of a complete Circulation of the Blood in Vessels in the Myriapoda and the Macrourous Arachnida.' By G. Newport, Esq.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—May 10.—The President, Mr. Warburton, in the chair.

1. 'On some new Ganoid Fishes,' by Sir Philip Grey Egerton.—In this communication the author made known, and fully described, seven new species of fossil fishes, three of which belong to the genus

Semionotus, one to *Lepidotus*, and three to *Pholidophorus*. The species of the first-named genus had been found by Mr. Pentland in a black bituminous schist, a member of the lias formation, at Giffoni, near Castel-a-Mare. The others are from the lias of Ohmden, in Wurtemberg, and Whithy, in Yorkshire. The original specimens are in the cabinets of the Earl of Enniskillen and Sir Philip Egerton.

2. 'On the Geology of Nova Scotia,' with a Map, by Dr. Gesner.—After describing the geographical features of the country, the author proceeds to give an account of the several formations, represented on his geological map, which has been compiled from observations made by himself during the last eighteen years, in a country which has as yet been but imperfectly explored. There are three bands of granitic rocks, on which rest stratified non-fossiliferous rocks in certain districts, succeeded by rocks of the Silurian group. Above the Silurian beds occur, in several parts of the province, sandstones and shales, without organic remains, referred to the Devonian system. Coal measures are next in order, containing, in places, upright fossil trees. These are overlaid by a red sandstone, associated with gypsum and limestone, referred by the author to the new red formation. The north-western coast of the peninsula is one continuous narrow belt of trap, greenstone, and amygdaloid.

3. 'On the Coal Formation of Nova Scotia, and on the age and relative position of the Gypsum and accompanying Marine Limestones,' by Mr. Lyell.—The stratified rocks of Nova Scotia, more ancient than the carboniferous, consist chiefly of metamorphic clay-slate and quartzite, their strike being nearly east and west. Towards their northern limits these strata become less crystalline, and contain fossils, some of which Mr. Lyell identifies with species of the upper Silurian group, or with the Hamilton group of the New York geologists. The remaining fossiliferous rocks, as far as yet known, belong to the carboniferous group, and occupy extensive tracts in the northern part of the peninsula, resting unconformably on the preceding series. They may be divided into two principal formations, one of which comprises the productive coal measures, agreeing precisely with those of Europe in lithological and palaeontological character; the other consists chiefly of red sandstone and red marl, with subordinate beds of gypsum and marine limestone; but this series is also occasionally associated with coal grits, shales, and thin seams of coal. A variety of opinions have been entertained respecting the true age of the last-mentioned or gypsiferous formation: and the author endeavours to show, first, that it belongs to the carboniferous group; and secondly, that it occupies a lower portion than the productive coal measures. These last are of vast thickness in Nova Scotia, being largely developed in Cumberland County and near Pictou, occurring again at Sydney, in Cape Breton. They contain shales, probably deposited in a freshwater estuary, in which Cypris and Modiola abound. Above fifty species of plants have been found in them, more than two-thirds of which are not distinguishable from European species, while the rest agree generically with fossils of the coal formation in Europe. Mr. Lyell next describes the gypsiferous formation, especially the marine limestone, of Windsor, Horton, the cliffs bounding the estuary of the Shubenacadie River, the district of Brookfield, and the Bridge crossing the Debert River, near Truro. Several species of corals and shells are common to all these localities, and recur in similar limestones in Cape Breton. Among these we find, associated with several peculiar fossils, others which are characteristic of the carboniferous limestone in Europe. The associated plants are also carboniferous forms. With these Mr. Lyell found in Horton Bluff sandstones of a ganoid fish; and in the ripple-marked sandstones of the same place, Mr. Logan discovered footprints which appeared to Mr. Owen to belong to some unknown species of reptile. Several of the shells and corals of this group have been recognized by Mr. Murchison and M. de Verneuil as identical with fossils of the gypsiferous deposits of Perm, in Russia, and it had been proposed to refer these gypsiferous beds of Nova Scotia successively to the trias and to the period of the magnesian limestone. That they are more ancient than both these formations, Mr. Lyell infers not only from their fossils, but also from their occupying a

lower position than the productive coal measures of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. In proof of this inferiority of position, three sections are referred to:—First, that of the coast of Cumberland, near Minidie, where beds of red sandstone, gypsum, and limestone are seen dipping southwards, or in a direction which would carry them under the productive coal measures of the South Joggins, which attain a thickness of two or more miles, and yet include no masses of gypsum or marine limestone. Secondly, the section of the East River of Pictou, where the productive coal measures of the Albion Mines repose on a formation of red sandstone, including beds of limestone, in which Mr. Dawson and the author found *Productus Martini*, and other fossils common to the gypsiferous rocks of Windsor. Some of these limestones are oolitic, like those of Windsor, and gypsum occurs near the East River, fourteen miles south of Pictou, so situated as to lead to the presumption that it is an integral part of the inferior red sandstone. Thirdly, in Cape Breton, according to information received from Mr. Richard Brown, the gypsiferous formation occupies a considerable tract, consisting of red marl, with gypsum and limestone. In specimens of the latter, Mr. Lyell found the same fossils as those of Windsor, &c., before mentioned. Near Sydney these gypsiferous strata pass beneath a formation of sandstone more than 2,000 feet thick, upon which rest conformably the coal measures of Sydney, dipping to the north-east, or sea-ward, and having a thickness of 2,000 feet. To illustrate the gypsiferous formation, the author gives a particular description of the cliffs bordering the Shubenacadie River, for a distance of fourteen miles, from its mouth to Fort Ellis, which he examined, in company with Mr. J. W. Dawson and Mr. Duncan. The rocks here consist, in great part, of soft red marl, with subordinate masses of crystalline gypsum, and marine limestones; also three large masses of red sandstone, coal-grits, and shales. The strike of the beds, like that of Windsor, is nearly east and west, and there are numerous faults and flexures. The principal masses of gypsum do not appear to fill rents, but form regular parts of the stratified series, sometimes alternating with limestone and shale. The author concludes by describing a newer and unconformable red sandstone, without fossils, which is seen to rest on the edges of the carboniferous strata on the Salmon River, six miles above Truro.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—May 12.—J Bateman, Esq. L.L.D. was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—

'A Memoir on Astronomical Drawing,' by Piazz Smyth, Esq.

'On a Revision of the Boundaries of the Constellations, as usually drawn on Celestial Maps and Globes,' by F. Baily, Esq. [We adverted, not long since, to the confusion which prevails in the boundaries of the Northern constellations. Mr. Baily now submitted the following plan for revision to the consideration of the Society].—1. Ptolemy's constellations to be preserved, and to form the basis of the construction and arrangement of the constellations in the northern hemisphere. 2. Nine of the constellations adopted by Hevelius, to be retained; but no others to be introduced in the northern hemisphere. These nine constellations are *Camelopardus*, *Canes Venatici*, *Coma Berenices*, *Lacerta*, *Leo Minor*, *Lynx*, *Monoceros*, *Sextans*, and *Vulpecula*. 3. Ptolemy's figures to be attended to, so that the drawings (if any) should embrace all the stars mentioned by him, and in their true places. *Libra*, perhaps, may be an exception to this rule, as that constellation has been introduced instead of the Claws of *Scorpio* adopted by Ptolemy. There are also four stars in Ptolemy's catalogue that are common to two adjoining constellations: namely Flamsteed's 52 *Bootis*, which is common to *Hercules*; 112 *Tauri*, which is common to *Auriga*; 79 *Aquarii*, which is common to *Piscis Australis*; and 21 *Andromedæ*, which is common to *Pegasus*. 4. If Bayer or Flamsteed has introduced any star from another constellation that would distort the correct drawing, it must be named, in the catalogue, after the constellation into which it is correctly inserted, and its pseudonym must be discontinued. In other words, the catalogue must be corrected, but not the boundaries of the constellations distorted. 5. Bayer's and Flamsteed's errors being thus rectified, and the figures

of the constellations introduced by Hevelius being properly drawn (if requisite) within the intermediate spaces, the boundaries of the constellations, thus decided on, should be carefully drawn and laid down agreeably to some systematic plan, which may thus serve as the perpetual limits of the constellations; and no distortion of the outlines or boundaries of any of these constellations, in the northern hemisphere, should be permitted in consequence of the mistakes of any subsequent astronomers in arranging their stars under improper divisions of the heavens. 6. As all Flamsteed's stars are designated by the numerical order in which they stand in the constellation, and as these numbers are in most cases well known and recognized, it is desirable to preserve his stars within the boundaries of their respective constellations, wherever it can be conveniently done. But in the case of synonymous stars (amounting to 22) this is evidently impossible; and there are also several other cases, which have been already alluded to (amounting to about 70), where it is impracticable, consistently with the rules here proposed. These anomalous stars must be corrected in the catalogue, and there located in their proper constellations. 7. As all the stars in the catalogue of Piazz are designated and always quoted by their number in the hour of right ascension, and those of Taylor and others, by their ordinal number, it is not so requisite to pay special attention to inscribing such stars within the boundaries of the constellations to which they are assumed to belong; and which will frequently be found to be discordant. Still, if any of these stars lie near to the boundaries so assumed, a slight detour may be allowed in the drawing.

'Account of an Observation of the Solar Eclipse of the 7th July, 1842, made at Starfield Observatory, together with an Account of some Chronometrical Experiments made to determine the Longitude of that Observatory,' by W. Lassell, Esq.

Professor Schumacher's third, fourth, and fifth Circulars on the great Comet of 1843.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 30.—The President in the chair.

A paper, by Mr. Mallet, 'On the Corrosion of cast and wrought Iron and Steel exposed to the action of the air and of salt and fresh water under various circumstances,' was concluded. It contained not only the theory of the corrosion of iron, but also its character; and reviewed the practical efficiency of almost all the methods hitherto attempted for preventing its usual injurious effects. The paper shortly recapitulated the results of the two communications on the subject read at the previous meetings, which had for object to determine the actual loss of metal by corrosion in given conditions. The first period of exposure of the specimens was 357 days; but as it was obvious that the original surface of the metal influenced greatly the rate of corrosion, they were again subjected to the action of air and water for 732 days, and the results are given in the paper and in a voluminous series of tables. Some experiments are also given upon wrought iron coated with zinc, by the process called "galvanizing," and also on cast iron protected by paint of powdered zinc. The relative average quantities of rain falling annually, are in Dublin 25.874 inches, and in London 21.714 inches. The rate of corrosion of iron exposed to the ordinary atmospheric influences at Dublin is directly as the volume of rain or dew falling on it in a given time, as the elevation of temperature with equal moisture, and as the barometric pressure. Exposure over a crowded city or near the sea would increase the rates of corrosion. The results of the second immersion seemed to show, that with cast iron the rate of corrosion was a decreasing one when the coating of plumbago and rust had been removed. Specimens cast half-inch were affected more than those of one inch in thickness, owing to the difference of homogeneity in the two surfaces. The rapidity of corrosion does not depend so much on the chemical constitution of the metal as on its molecular arrangement and the condition of its constituent carbon. The same kind of iron corrodes more rapidly when cooled fast and irregularly, than it does when carefully treated; the difference of corrodibility between hot and cold blast iron is very small, and arises chiefly from their relative specific gravities. An account of the condition of carbon in them.—Nos. 1

and 2, bright grey iron (of commerce),—while they are the most valuable for construction, are also the most desirable: slow cooling and annealing increase the durability. Six equal parallelepipeds of cast iron were immersed, for 180 days, in sea water slightly acidulated with muriatic acid, and frequently renewed; they were removed, and the coat of plumbago rubbed off at intervals of 30 days. The original weight of each piece was 1060 grains; the weight of each specimen after 180 days' immersion was 1041.4 grains, showing an absolute loss by corrosion of 18.6 grains. It is noticed that the kyanized oak boxes, in which the specimens were sunk in the harbour of Kingstown, were all perforated (two inches through) by the *Symmoria terebrans*, whose ravages are thus proved not to be arrested by kyanizing. Chilled cast iron is stated to corrode more slowly, when exposed to the air only, than that cast in green sand: this is the reverse of corrosion in water. The action upon wrought iron removes alternate portions of the metal, so as, with Damascus iron for gun-barrels, to destroy the electro-positive parts, leaving a grating of minute parallel rays, that could be looked through. The finer and more uniform the quality and texture of the iron, the slower is the rate of corrosion. Fagotted bars and Low Moor boiler plate are those kinds which corrode slowest. Hardened cast steel, after "telling," corrodes least; and low shear steel is destroyed most easily. The author then proceeds to examine the modes of protecting iron by zincing, and says that no mode of coating with zinc appears capable of preserving iron from the action of boiling salt water; but that, on the contrary, the zinc oxidates with unusual rapidity, and the iron is destroyed. He then reviews the causes of destruction of boilers of steam vessels, the results of corrosion of wrought iron in voltaic contact with alloys of copper and tin; and as to the process of Messrs. Elkington, for coating iron with zinc, &c. by electro-deposit, although he thinks it incapable of resisting any abrasion, or even exposure in water for any great length of time, it would be practically useful when exposed freely to the weather; and for architectural purposes it would be valuable. He then goes to the subject of the durability of iron ships, and after arguing carefully all the causes of their probable decay, and explaining a multitude of interesting facts relative to them, he arrives at the conclusion, that if the proper means be adopted for guarding against or reducing the rate of corrosion and the amount of fouling by adherent marine plants and animals, our future iron vessels may be rendered safer and more enduring than those of timber. The full details are given of all the principal modes of preserving iron, and particularly those invented by the author, which consist, first, in coating with zinc, then a varnish, of which the basis is asphaltum, and then a poisonous paint, to prevent the adherence of marine plants and animals.

In the discussion which ensued, and in support of the durability of iron vessels, it was stated that iron canal boats, which had been made full forty years since, were now in use in Staffordshire; and that the *Aaron Manby*, which was built in 1821, and was the first iron steamer ever sent to sea, had been constantly in use up to the present time, without requiring any material repair.

A pair of Electro-magnetic signal Telegraphs, constructed for the Aix-la-Chapelle railway, from the plans of Prof. Wheatstone, were exhibited. Professor Wheatstone explained, that the principle of this signal telegraph, which he considered to be the most efficient arrangement for practical purposes, was the same as his last electro-magnetic telegraph, in which a dial, or hand, was caused to advance, by the alternate attractions and cessations of attraction of an electro-magnet, occasioned by corresponding alternate completions and interruptions of the circuit, by means of a peculiarly constructed apparatus placed at the opposite end of the telegraphic line. The present signal telegraph was intended for the use of the inclined plane on the railway at Aix-la-Chapelle, where only a limited number of signals were required; the entire alphabet of the complete telegraph was therefore dispensed with, and the instrument was limited to six elementary signals. The letters M, S, C, T, B, &c. on the face of the dials, were the initials of the German words for engine, rope, train, telegraph, &c. The dial was eight inches in diameter, and the characters were conspicuous, so that they

might be readily seen at a distance; the hand, which was required to be made very light and to keep its form, was of blackened mica. The cross being reserved to indicate the quiescent condition of the apparatus, there remained five available characters, which combined two and two, gave twenty-five signals, a number amply sufficient for the purposes of the railway. It being established as an invariable rule, that each signal should consist of two characters, followed by the cross, were the telegraph to act in any way irregularly, the index would at the end point to some other character instead of the cross, and this would indicate that the preceding signals were wrong, so that if the signals received should not correspond with those sent, which, however, could not be the case if ordinary care was taken, no mistake could possibly arise, because they carried with them the evidence of their error. The instruments were furnished with a simple means of bringing the hand immediately to the resting joint, without interfering with the circuit. As it might be occasionally required to transmit a permanent signal, which should remain until a person arrived to inspect it, the five simple characters could be employed for this purpose. The instruments at each station consisted of a telegraph, an alarm, and a communicator; they would be arranged in the circuit several ways, to suit particular purposes, but no other alteration was requisite to effect this than a change in the disposition of the terminal wires and of their connexions with the communicators. The telegraphs might be so placed that they would act simultaneously when either of the communicators was worked, or they might be so arranged that the instrument at one station should only be acted upon by the communicator at the other, which in many cases was preferable, as a great resistance was thereby taken out of the circuit. Other arrangements, useful under particular circumstances, were also practicable.

This telegraph, even when all the letters of the alphabet were employed, required only a single circuit of communication between the two stations. Professor Wheatstone's former permutating magnetic needle telegraph, though possessing a power of combination far exceeding that of any preceding telegraph in which magnetic needles were proposed to be employed, required a number of wires proportionate to the number of signals. By employing the earth or an extent of water to return the current, or complete the circuit, which might be done by connecting the two extremities of one of the communicating wires with plates of metal, and plunging them in the earth or the water, one of the communicating wires might be entirely dispensed with. This plan would be adopted at Aix-la-Chapelle. That a large extent of earth, or the portion of a river, could be made to complete an electric circuit, was long since established with respect to electricity of high tension, by the extensive experiments of Dr. Watson, in 1748, and others; and the same thing was proved with regard to voltaic electricity, by the independent experiments of Erman, Basse and Aldini, made in 1803. Erman's experiments were performed in the river Havel, near Potsdam, those of Basse in the river Wener, and the environs of Hamel, and Aldini's researches were prosecuted on the shore near Calais. Professor Steinheil also employed the earth as a means of completing the circuit in the electro-magnetic telegraph which he established at Munich in 1838. A pair of Professor Wheatstone's telegraphs were established at Berlin in the beginning of 1842; the line of communication was a single wire carried through the air upon wooden posts, and plates of metal attached to the ends of the wire were buried in the ground. In the same year he formed a communication between King's College and the Shot Tower on the opposite side of the Thames; the communicating wire was laid along the parapets of Somerset House and Waterloo Bridge, and thence to the top of the tower, where one of the telegraphs was placed; the wire then descended, and a plate of zinc, attached to its extremity, was plunged into the mud of the river; a similar plate was attached to the extremity at the north side, and was immersed in the water. The circuit was thus completed by the entire breadth of the Thames, and the telegraphs acted as well as if the circuit were entirely metallic. The peculiar construction of the present signal telegraph enabled a magneto-electric machine to be substituted for a voltaic battery. This source of electric action not being subject to cessation,

or diminution, the attention for keeping a voltaic battery in order was dispensed with, and the instruments were always ready for action without any previous preparation.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—May 25.—Dr. Cooke in the chair.—A paper 'On the Lactucarium, the inspissated juice of the lettuce,' was read. Obtained when the plant is in flower, it has been acknowledged to possess the sedative properties of opium, without any of its inconveniences, that is to say, it neither affects the brain nor the alimentary canal. Dr. Duncan says, it is adapted for the relief of nervous diseases and hypochondriacs. It is procured, unfortunately, in very small quantity, and is exceedingly rare; the extract of the entire plant, which has been prepared as a substitute for it, is very inefficient and inert. Lactucarium is of a brown colour, friable, and dry; the extract is black, soft, and deliquescent. Aqueous preparations of lactucarium are nearly inert. The dose of it in substance has never been more than six grains.—Dr. Houlton afterwards made some remarks on some fine specimens of recent medical plants, which were placed on the table by Mr. Barham. A special meeting was then held, at which it was decided, on the proposition of Dr. Cooke, to admit members resident beyond five miles from the General Post Office, on paying a composition fee of five guineas.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 31.—W. Pole, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The Secretary read a description of Mr. Stephens's Life Preserver, or Portable Life Ball. It consists of a hollow metal ball, about five inches in diameter, to which are brazed or rivetted three eyes. In order to prevent its being damaged, it is quilted over, similar to a child's ball, being, however, first cased with cork to render it more buoyant. Through one of the eyes is rove a line which passes round the ball, and is again brought through the eye in the opposite direction; both parts are then seized together outside the eye, leaving sufficient line with a thimble in the end to form a bight. The standing part of the line is then passed through the thimble, and a noose formed sufficiently large to admit of it passing over a person's shoulders to fasten round his waist. The other two eyes are placed opposite to each other through which a piece of line is rove round, the ball and seized in four places, so as to form grumets or handles to the "Life Ball," in order that it may be the more readily held, or caught hold of. The line may be of about twenty fathoms or upwards of half-inch Hambro' layed rope, having the sliding thimble to form the noose.

Mr. Defries described, and, by aid of a model made almost entirely of glass, illustrated, his 'Dry Gas Meter'—the form of which is that of a hexagonal prism divided into three inferior rhomboidal compartments, and one superior hexagonal chamber.—each of the lower compartments is subdivided into two angular compartments by a perpendicular partition formed of four triangular metallic plates united at their edges and also at their central point of meeting, by a skin of calf leather properly prepared—the six lower compartments communicate by means of valves with the chamber at top of the apparatus. Gas being admitted from the supply pipe into the lower chambers, the partitions are moved forwards and backwards alternately, the central meeting of the plates being more in advance than any other part of the partition, both in advancing and retrograding movement. Attached to the centre of each partition is a parallel motion connected with a perpendicular shaft which passes through a proper stuffing-box into the superior chamber, where it communicates by two rods with delicate machinery, by which alternate motion of its own partition produces a rotary motion to an upright spindle and crank shaft. In the upper chamber is fixed a segmental annular passage connected with the inlet for the supply of gas, having three D slide valves connected by horizontal rods with the throw of the crank. The use of the valves is to regulate the supply of gas to be measured, and also the exit of the measured gas, and they are so placed over the three pairs of measuring compartments that the ingress part of each valve is alternately connected with the port on either side of each partition. The pressure of gas, on one side of the partition causes the contents of its fellow compartment to be

discharged into the common chamber above—from which the measured gas passes direct to the burner. Below the crank of the spindle, and connected with it, is fixed an endless screw, working in a vertical cog-wheel communicating by a horizontal spindle with the index train of wheels, by which the number of cubic feet of gas consumed in a given time are registered on a dial fixed outside.

June 7.—G. Moore, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—J. Faraday, H. Flower, and J. Chanter, Esqs. were elected members.—Mr. Austin's Apparatus for preserving Life in cases of Shipwreck.—Mr. Austin recommends that every boat should be fitted as a life boat before she is launched over the side, with canvas cases on each side of the whole length of the boat, having a round head at either end, marled on to a good hawser or small chain, and secured round her at light water mark, tautened up by nettles to the gunwale; the cases may be cut out of good topsails or courses from two to three feet in diameter—another case of lighter cloth, of duck, or even of calico, should be made, rather larger in dimensions, and placed within the stout canvas case, each case having three flexible tubes or pipes inserted at the bottom part, one near to each head and one in midships, made of raw hide, India rubber cloth, or several thicknesses of canvas, about a fathom in length, and half an inch in diameter, with a mouth-piece or pipe to be blown into, and stopped or corked. The long boat and skiff should be placed on two spars pointed over the side, the cases well saturated with water, filled with air, stopped, and the boat launched, with plenty of warp slack under foot, and not brought up with less than half a cable, each boat having only two hands in her when launched, with a line passed round them and stopped to the thwart, to bale her out and to receive the passengers and crew, who should have a smaller similar case placed round each of them when descending into the boat, and veered thereto with a traveller round the boat's moorings. The boats so fitted would contain, with safety, double the number of persons they would contain under ordinary circumstances, and could not be upset in a heavy sea, and on going on a lee shore, would hold together and drive well up. If the weather and sea should admit of the boats being brought alongside the wreck, the cases, being filled with air, would serve as flexible fenders, and allow her taking in a number of persons, to be afterwards removed to the other boats.

Mr. Austin's Plan of raising sunken Vessels.—It being ascertained that a vessel has gone down, the first operation is to ascertain her position as nearly as possible, by sweeping with a rope of sufficient length, having two leads fixed thereto, at about sixty fathoms apart, the object of which is to draw the rope along the bottom till it meets with an obstruction. It is easily ascertained by sounding whether the obstruction to the sweeping rope is caused by the vessel or by an anchor or other object: if it be the vessel, it is necessary to ascertain the position in which she lies; this is done by again sweeping the vessel with a small working chain, properly buoyed at equal distances, which will show her length and beam. To ascertain if the bowsprit is still standing, it is necessary to sound again at each end of the vessel. The purchase-chain is next passed round the vessel, having a sufficient number of collapsed air-cases shackled on to it, and when tautened round her by means of other cases or purchase lighters, the chain is effectually secured round the vessel by stoppers; the operation of filling the air-cases is next proceeded with, which is effected by powerful air-pumps on board a steam-vessel taken out for the purpose; and as the displacement of the water is going on, the vessel is gradually being raised from her bed, and by the time they are filled she will be above the surface of the water, and ready to be towed to shore by the steamer.

Mr. John Bethell read a paper 'On the Bude Light,' by which the Society's large room was illuminated for the occasion.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- SAT.** Asiatic Society, 2 P.M.
SUN. Botanic Society.—Anniversary.—Election of a President.
MON. Geographical Society, half-past 8.
 — Institute of British Architects, 8.—'Some observations on the Baths of Ancient Rome,' by J. Severn.—'On the Design and peculiar Architectural Characteristics of the South Porch of Malmesbury Abbey Church, and the Porches of the Middle Ages,' by J. Britton.
TUES. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'Description of a plan adopted for carrying off an accumulation of Water from the Warehouses, Cellars, &c. caused by the pending up of the Water in the Wet Docks at the Port of Ipswich,' by G. Hur-

- wood.—On the Formation of Embankments for retaining Water, by R. Thom.—Description of Machines for raising and lowering Miners, by J. Taylor.
- Zoological Society, 8.—Scientific Business.
- Wed. Society of Arts, 8.—Mr. Beale's Rotary Engine will be described.—After which the Boccia Light will be exhibited and explained.
- Literary Fund, 3.
- Medico-Botanical Society, 8.
- Thurs. Royal Society, half-past 8.
- Numismatic Society, 7.—Annual.
- Medico-Botanical Society, 8.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. WILLY'S GRAND CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, June 12th. Tickets and Programmes to be had at the Music Shops, and of Mr. Willy, 15, Aldenham Terrace, St. Pancras Road.

Choruses of the Antigone of Sophocles. The Words written and adapted by W. Bartholomew, the Music by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Ewer.

AN analysis of this work is demanded by the interest which recent private performances have excited; and by rumours of its possible production in "the highest places." Any hope of our hearing the music of 'Antigone' in its original form is visionary. The music is not altogether fitted for concert performance; nor does Windsor Castle contain, like Sans Souci, a theatre among its dependencies; and court influence was found, even in Germany, essential to the favourable production of a work so original and experimental. The reader has been already told, by a correspondent as eloquent as enthusiastic, (*ante*, p. 190.) of the manner in which the 'Antigone' is now performed and received at Berlin.

The music consists of seven accompanied choral movements, with an instrumental prelude. It is carried on by male voices alone, the forms of strophe and antistrophe permitting the employment of two separate choruses, which are occasionally wrought in combination. A large portion of these are unison: in one, the leader of the chorus is used as a *solo* voice:—certain of the movements are linked together by choral recitatives, while in other situations the speakers are accompanied, as in melodrama, by the orchestra. These arrangements comprise all the licences permissible to the composer. His task was made additionally arduous, by its requiring from him simplicity as well as dignity. The mysticism which is defensible in sacred composition would have been here fatal. The choruses were to be clear as a *tune*, and, though solemn as a hymn, their solemnity was to be free from all Christian associations. To strong minds, however, difficulties are inspirations. A creative spirit of the highest order, must be able dramatically to assume all sentiments, and imagine all situations, and throw itself back upon any given epoch; and thus a Church tone would be as impossible to him, before whose mind's eye the thymele was arranged, as a stage cadence will ever be to a truly devotional composer. Reasoning from the result, these 'Antigone' choruses have been a labour of love: no commissioned exercise, imperfectly conceived and painfully executed, but the spontaneous utterance of a mind too closely in harmony with its subject to be led away, by any passing caprice of the fancy, from the colours and forms of antique beauty and power. With any other text than that to which they are affixed, these choruses would be unmeaning.

The introductory portion, or overture, is perhaps the weakest part of the work. The opening *andante maestoso*, it is true, is large and pompous, but the *allegro* into which it melts, though impassioned, is more sickly than Mendelssohn's wont. The first chorus, however, is a strain of narration as manly and noble as a passage of Homer. We must point, in proof, to the first *piano* phrase, leading upwards by a simple but unworn progression to as grand an outburst as ever told of Valour and Victory. Nor can we refrain from instancing the second antistrophe (p. 13), where the two choirs are interlaced, with a mastery and a spirit not surpassed by Handel's self in the eight-part choruses of 'Israel.' The range of Mendelssohn's invention in the work before us, will be seen by comparing this with a second narrative chorus, No. 5, one of our favourite portions of the work. In this, the melody moves with the grave and artless sadness of an old national tune; its interest depending wholly upon the notes, the tales of Danaë and of the son of Dryas being told in unison, since harmony might have interfered with the distinct enunciation of the story.

It would be difficult to cite anything at once more original and more haunting in modern music: the intervals are unusual—the rhythm unfamiliar—yet the song possesses itself of the ear as forcibly as the most bewitching eight-bar *cabaleta* ever thrown off by Rossini in the *maestro's* freshest time. The *piu allegro* of this ballad, for such it is, is less to our taste; one of the few portions of the 'Antigone' where the composer seems to have forced his invention. The didactic choruses must have offered still greater difficulties than the above, since moral reflections suggest but little in the way of musical idea. From these, however, the sympathy with his task, to which we have adverted, has extricated the composer most happily. No. 2, for instance, is a beautiful pastoral melody in unison, relieved by a minor strain, in which, the resources of harmony being called in, the idea deepens, and the structure becomes complicated in admirable accordance with words; yet the movement comes as naturally and symmetrically to a close, as if nothing more than common couplet-writing to a stanza with a burden had been the object. A large part of the subsequent chorus (No. 3), is didactic; as are also the series of short movements closing the tragedy, which are especially remarkable as succeeding one of the most exciting choruses ever written. In these, a positive originality of musical effect is gained, by conforming to the requisitions of the ancient drama. To have heightened the close, after the hymn to Bacchus, would have been impossible; but to have allowed it to subside into tranquillity, without feebleness or faltering, is a proof of power of the highest order.

Having adverted to its narrative and didactic portions, we have now to speak of the two hymns. The first, No. 4, to Eros, is for four solo voices, a strain of great delicacy and sweetness. In the earlier portion, the harmonies are drier than may be advisable in unaccompanied music. But from the words (English version) "*Thy sway extends*," the movement rises—and its simplicity is coloured by a certain caressing voluptuousness (as in the imitations on the words "*Thine eye-piercing dart*") which, though anything but secular, is anything but sacred, in our acceptance of the term. The hymn to Bacchus (No. 6) is of a higher order. In this all the vocal and orchestral resources of composition were legitimately admissible: and accordingly, after a triumphant and stately eight-bar melody is given out by the orchestra, the voices start alone, in a strain, which, as a piece of simple vocal writing, is almost unrivalled in brilliancy—we say this, not forgetting the incomparable burst of male voices in the opening chorus of Weber's 'Eury-anthe.' Nothing could be at once more pompous and picturesque than the employment of the instruments throughout the two strophes thus begun. There is the courage of inspiration in the sudden silencing of harp, cymbal and viol, towards the close of the verse, which is brought to an end by a choral shout of adoration. The *stretto* of this hymn is yet more striking as a specimen of antiphonal writing. The perpetually moving invocation given to one choir, while the other bursts in ever and anon with its louder and longer cries of "*Hear us!*"—the manner in which, as the climax proceeds, the orchestra is led onwards from brilliancy to brilliancy, till the rite closes in an enthusiastic frenzy of voices and instruments, is a musical triumph to be partaken with no measured emotions, and hardly to be described in language. We conceive Mendelssohn to have surpassed in this hymn all his previous vocal efforts, as far as he has distanced his contemporaries—the fourth act of 'Les Huguenots' being distinctly present to our recollections at the moment of recording such a judgment.

We have now pointed out, though briefly, the leading divisions of this music. Every one should make its acquaintance, if only to convince himself how nobly modern Art can illustrate antique tradition, when employed by one who, like Mendelssohn, brings to his task poetry and scholarship as well as technical resource.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Sixth Concert.*—It is pleasant to see the efforts made by the Directors to retrieve the credit of their Society. Though none of these touch the organic defects of its constitution, let us still give the Directors credit, and express our thanks for the interesting concert of Monday evening. The Sinfonia of Haydn (No. 2. of Saloman's 12)

will be always welcome, and, for the sake of its cheerful and original slow movement, we will pass the Corelli duet with only a passing "*Oh!*" at Lindley's cadence, which was more extravagant and misplaced than ever. The first act closed with a new concerto by Mr. W. S. Bennett. This we did not relish so heartily as either of his two last. The opening *allegro* seems, to us, wanting in design,—the pleasing serenade, or middle movement, so entirely a "*Lied ohne Worte*" in its form and absence of relief, that the orchestral accompaniment did it little good or harm, while the opening of the *finale* gave better promise than its close fulfilled. Then there was no shutting ears to the fact, that there was hardly a peculiarity of form or treatment in the work, which was not referable to Mendelssohn: the constancy to *arpeggio* in the passages, the enunciation of the second subject in the *finale*, where the simplicity of the master becomes, in the pupil, meagreness: the manner of the second movement recalled to us examples, originals, and characteristics, which it is vexatious to encounter second-hand in one who has shaped his career so meritoriously, and studied so honourably, as Mr. W. S. Bennett. Let him estimate our respect for his talent by the urgency of our remonstrance. The second act of the concert began with Beethoven's *c minor* symphony, the first movement of which the band *would* play in the true *tempo*, in spite of its conductor, Sir Henry R. Bishop. After this, Sig. Camillo Sivori, released from his ill-considered compact with the Opera management, played the *allegro* of a grand concerto. Nothing has been heard on his instrument purer or more admirable than the opening of his *solo*, which fully justified our trust in the soundness of his acquirements. As the composition proceeded, we had the devices of his school in ample measure, wound up with a cadence to which we only object because it was written on the identical pattern of the cadence to the concerto he performed in the Haymarket. Everything, however, that the Signor attempted he executed with mastery, and he well deserved the brilliant reception he met with. The singers were, Miss Dolby, Mdle. Pacini, and Herr Staudigl. Our countrywoman had largely the advantage of the Parisian *mezzo soprano*: the Herr should never sing Rossini. Strange to say, too, that in *Mephistopheles'* song from 'Faust' he is surpassed by Lablache, whose voice tells better in the midst of the mazy cunning of Spohr's accompaniments, and whose reading is subtler and more malicious. A sacred song, by Nicolai, was a novelty as welcome as its execution was fine. This, if we mistake not, is the composer of 'Il Tempio,' an opera which has been described, to us, as superior in construction to most modern Italian works. In the air sung by Herr Staudigl on Monday, the idea was good, and the orchestral treatment excellent and original. By the way, it is Nicolai to whom we are indebted for the excellent scoring of Schubert's 'Der Wanderer,' which was so much admired at a former concert.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—To state that Mr. John Parry's Concert was held yesterday week, implies, of course, a crowded room, and an audience enjoying itself on "the greatest-laughter principle." These who are curious in merriment, may find food for speculation in comparing our comic singer with the Parry of the Parisians—M. Levassor, who is here also. The English artist is the most of a musician—M. Levassor the best *mime*. "Blue Beard," and "The Sleeping Beauty," and "The Accomplished Young Lady," are helped to half of their fun by tricks of accompaniment, happily-parodied vocal reminiscences, and nicely-disposed melodies; while "Le Cœur Patient," and "Le Chanteur Choriste" owe a large share of their drollery to the imitable personation, by face, voice, and manner, of the French actor. In one respect the balance is on our side. Mr. John Parry is never vulgar—never indulges in the most homœopathic exhibition of *double entendre*. This is more than could be asserted of M. Levassor; but the fault lies in his home audiences, rather than in his own taste, which, on the stage, is excellent. We must not let this parallel make us forget that Mr. John Parry was ably supported, at his concert, by the best artists attainable.

Madame Duicken's benefit was one of those luxurious entertainments in which every dish is a delicacy. Where are we to begin, in enumerating the several items of the treat? With the lady herself, who played thrice; first the *andante* and *rondo* from Chopin's concerto in *r* minor, which had only one fault, namely, that it was delivered with too musician-like a steadiness, in place of that fantastic waywardness in which the delicate and dreamy player himself indulges; secondly, in an amorphous sort of composition, by Czerny, for two pianos (M. Dreychock being her playfellow,) and a chorus of voices, based on the well-worn "O Pescator"; lastly, in a duet for two pianos, by M. Dreychock. The last is brilliant and effective, the expressive passages being chiefly allotted to the lady, while the wonders of octave accompaniment were reserved by the composer for his own use; and assuredly no contemporary could deal with them so triumphantly. Though the composition is not eminent for stamen or originality, we are obliged to M. Dreychock for his obvious resolution to spare us the *fantasia* on operatic airs, so cruelly worn threadbare by other show-pianists. The vocal attractions of Madame Duicken's concert seemed interminable. The chief novelty, perhaps, was a pretty *buffo* duet from "Don Pasquale," imitatively sung by Grisi and Lablache. Mdlle. Nissen, a sound and well-qualified *soprano* singer, whom we have not heard in public before, executed a *bravura* of "Betty" with meritorious finish; Madame Albertazzi, too, was heard to great advantage in De Beriot and Benedict's well-known *rondo*. The compass of her voice is superb, and its several tones sweet; her execution certain, and her intonation rarely faulty: it is the utter absence of animation which throws so vexatious a spell over her powers of pleasing. To descend upon the performances of Mdlle. Molteni, Mdlle. Pacini, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Birch, Signora Mario, Fornasari, Brizzi, F. Lablache, and Herr Staudigl, who all lent their aid to this concert, would be superfluous.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The story of "Linda di Chamouni" is one of those simple and pathetic tales of domestic interest, which, though it may slide easily into maudlin by spoken dialogue, is the very thing for music. With the plot and incidents we shall not concern ourselves; but, musically speaking, it includes a Swiss maiden (Persiani), honourably beloved by a young nobleman in disguise (Mariano), and persecuted by a licentious suitor (Frederic Lablache), her faithful friend and playmate a boy (Brambilla), who unconsciously interposes for good in every crisis of her fate, her venerable father (Fornasari), and the upright and plain-dealing magistrate of the village (Lablache). This mere enumeration will sufficiently display the strength of the cast, and the fitness of the occupation found for each artist. The getting up of the opera, too, is almost unprecedentedly complete for London; the departure of the mountaineers for Paris, which closes the first act, being a picture as simply affecting from its truth, as any we recollect. We may return more in detail to the performances of the several singers, but must now speak of the music, which was written by Donizetti for Vienna. The Italian composer, taking the measure of his audience, wisely conciliated them by a more recondite care in construction and orchestral filling-up than is usual with him. The melodies of the opera are few, and not new; here, we have a scrap of Weber's Mermaid's Song, there, a transcript of the theme of one of Mayseider's *placeas*, in a third place, a very strong reminiscence of *Cenerentola's* fire-side ballad. The popular duet in the first act, too—one of the most salient pieces—is but a favourite air from the composer's own "Anna Bolena" recast. Thus we cannot agree with those who promise Donizetti an immortality for Linda. The opera has enjoyed a *succes d'estime* in Paris, owing to the want of individualities above indicated. Here, we think, it may be longer accepted,—thanks to the nature of the story—thanks to the careful instrumentation, to which our orchestra does far greater justice than the meagre and feeble band of the *Salle Fatale*—and thanks to the perfect manner in which it has been put on the stage.

The HAYMARKET bill of fare for the last week has consisted entirely of French dishes, *réchauffés* by English dramatic cooks, who season them to suit the

palate of John Bull. After the 'Little Devil,' the standing dish at these theatrical *soupers*, came 'Louison,' the 'Double-bedded Room' forming an appropriate finale. 'Louison' is another and a better version of the 'Angel of the Attic,' at the Princess's Theatre; and the 'Double-bedded Room,' is a coarse and inferior version of a farce that was played at the Strand Theatre, in which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley personated a lady and gentleman in a perplexing predicament. Farren and Mrs. Glover are, it must be confessed, less entertaining than Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, but only because the perplexities of their dilemma are less ingeniously and delicately set forth; indeed, an English cathedral town does not afford the same excuse for their predicament as the albergo of a French village. In 'Louison,' Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste are a pair of lovers, *au quatrième*, whose happiness is threatened by a profligate young officer, and their marriage delayed by an *émoué*: their acting is effective in its way.

MISCELLANEA

Copyright.—The following is from the *Boston (U.S.) Advertiser*:—"In 1834, there appeared, in the second volume of Sparks's 'American Biography,' a life of Captain John Smith, written by G. S. Hillard. It was written carefully, and with great beauty of style," &c. * * "So perhaps thought the editor of the *Evening Star*, a periodical of 32 pages in quarto, double columns, neatly printed in London, and published by George F. Pardon, 252, Strand. At any rate, on the 21st of January, 1843, he published the whole of this Life of Smith, 230 pages, 18mo., *verbatim et literatim*, in what he calls the Library Edition of his paper, filling nearly the whole of it, but suppressing the name of its author, and giving no intimation that it was not a wholly new work. But this is not all. An American gentleman, passing by No. 252 in the Strand, at about that date, went in, and seeing a formidable-looking person, with a pen over his ear, who had some air of responsibility about him, made inquiries concerning the author of the Life of Smith. He was assured, in reply, that it had been written for the 'Evening Star.' The gentleman hesitated; and hinted that a friend of his thought he had seen it in an American book. 'Impossible! impossible! Sir,' said the responsible looking man behind the counter, 'we have a *historian* attached to the establishment, expressly for these things!'

Little goes.—I send the enclosed, cut from the *Cork Examiner*, just, as you say, to record progress, and the neglect of the law officers, who are bound, by the act of parliament against lotteries, to enforce its penalties:—"Stuffed Birds of Paradise, &c.—Sixty-two rich prizes of oval glass shades of stuffed birds of paradise, a superb rose-wood musical table, speaking parrot, a live monkey, &c. &c., will positively be drawn upon the same plan as the Royal Irish Art-Union, on Friday, the — May, at two o'clock, in the Imperial Clarence Room. Tickets only 2s. 6d. each, having a chance of drawing two rich prizes, value 30s. 18s."

Meance.—Our military friends may be glad to know that Mr. Wyld has published a Plan of the Battle of Meance, from a survey by Captain J. Jacob, B.A.

Moser's Discovery.—I do assure you that it afforded me much pleasure to find a portion of your 812th No. occupied by a paper on Moser's discovery, by Mr. Horatio Prater. I am not, however, satisfied that Mr. Prater has succeeded in proving that the effect is due neither to light nor heat, and I must most decidedly object to his conclusion, that the effect is due "to a mechanico-chemical action, or a catalytic action; meaning thereby an action so slightly chemical, as, in the present state of the science, to be scarcely appreciable." I have shown, in a paper published in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' for April, that chemical decomposition could be brought about, in some metallic salts, by the juxtaposition of metallic plates: that the iodides of copper and of gold were reduced to the metallic state by being allowed to remain for a few weeks under a copper plate with a well amalgamated surface, the salts and the plate being nearly a quarter of an inch apart. I have, since that time, succeeded in decomposing many other salts in a similar manner. These facts may appear to confirm Mr. Prater's idea. We must, of course, consider the decomposition as a chemical phenomenon: but this change is effected by the influence of an agent which bears a strong analogy to light, but which is separated from it by many broad distinctions. I am by no means wedded to the opinion, that heat is the active principle. That the phenomena described by Moser and myself are accelerated by the application of heat, all my experiments render certain, and this is, indeed, admitted by Mr. Prater. This gentleman has erred, as it appears to me, in exposing his plates so long to the influence of a high temperature, during which both the coins and the plates were heated in an equal degree. I have shown, in the paper above alluded to, that all that is necessary to prepare a metal plate for the reception of vapours on defined spaces, is to disturb the equilibrium of the caloric latent in the plate. Another point, of great importance in these investigations, is entirely overlooked by Mr. Prater. In my paper on Thermography, I have stated

that the vapours of mercury and iodine attack the plate differently. I find that many impressions which we cannot render visible by breathing on the plates, or by exposing them to the vapour of water, are developed with beautiful distinctness by the vapour of mercury: again, that others, which remain invisible under the influences of the vapours of water or of mercury, are readily evoked by the vapours of iodine, bromine, or by sulphuretted hydrogen gas. It appears to me, that some very curious relations are yet to be traced out between the vapours of bodies and solids on which they may be condensed. I regret the loss, that for some time to come I shall not be enabled to follow up this inquiry, seeing that it is in the hands of a gentleman of Mr. Prater's talents, whose leisure is, I hope, equal to his ability. I have refrained from making any remark on several other points of Mr. Prater's paper, being unwilling to burthen your valuable pages with any discussion on matters about which there is an uncertainty in my experimental evidence. I am, &c.,

Falmouth, June 3, 1843. ROBERT HUNT.
I perceive, in your notice of the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, that a report was read, on May 8, on a paper by M. Payer, on the tendency of stalks and stems towards the light, in which it is stated that M. Payer has resolved the question as to which of the solar rays cause this tendency. May I request the favour of your referring to your own report (No. 767) of the last meeting of the British Association, in which you will find that I made a report to the meeting of my own experiments on this subject, which report is published in the Transactions of the Association. It will be found that M. Payer has done nothing more than corroborate the results to which I had long previously arrived. R. H.

Life-Preserver.—A member of the Edinburgh Skating Club has lately invented, under the above title, a contrivance which, without disfiguring the dress, is sufficient to keep above water any person wearing it. It consists of a Mackintosh cape, which, when filled with air, is swelled about the thickness of an inch and a half. Several experiments have been made with it, and the result is said to be satisfactory.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. D.—A Constant Reader.—C. O.—W. B.—I. P. H.—B.—A Regular Reader received.

No doubt the work referred to by "A Subscriber" was, at or about the time, advertised in this Journal, and we can only recommend him to hunt for the advertisement or order the book of his bookseller.

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